THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

AT a time when the whole world, or so it seemed, was waiting for the new Ford car and was ready to buy it unsight unseen on its confidence in Henry Ford, PAUL U. KELLOGG, editor of Survey Graphic, visited the Ford plants at Detroit and interviewed Mr. Ford and some of his chief executives. He sought answers to two questions: Was the new Model A car, issuing from the new Model A equipment, being turned out under a new Model A labor policy? And second, did this tremendous industrial corporation, sensitive to the wish of one man, and that man the outstanding enterprizer of his day, so handle the transition from old to new as to make it least humanly costly, or did he lay off his men short-shift? Ford, as the master of mass production, has found that he must have new skills, not to be found in the old machine crafts; not only does he train men by doing, on the rushing assembly line, but he has set up a school where the youngsters who are to become the skilled men of the mass production of Fords in 1929 and thereafter are put on actual work at the benches of experienced men. The present article deals with this aspect of the Ford labor policy—the making of the new Model A cars. In the next Graphic, Mr. Kellogg will discuss what happened to the old crews, who had built Model T, during the months of idleness while the new equipment was being installed—what happened to them, and to the butchers and bakers and doctors and real estate owners and the charities of Detroit. Page 549.

NOTHING could be more timely than FRANCIS HACKETT'S article on Ireland, for President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State is now in the United States, his visit beginning before Eamon de Valera, leader of the Fianna Fail, has left. The Irish government has made great progress, and Mr. Cosgrave has come on "a mission of thanks" to the American people in which he will tell of the actual achievements of the brief years since independence was gained. Mr. de Valera has been in our country raising money, this time to obtain capital for a new republican newspaper. The Fianna Fail has been strong enough to all but unseat the government. It has been financed almost entirely by money from the United States and Australia. The American visit of the two Irish leaders, therefore, becomes an Irish political campaign on American soil, for according as the one or the other is more successful, so likely will the next election go. MR. HACKETT'S brilliant analysis of the deeper forces and the more obscure needs of Ireland are based on his own Irish background tempered by the many years during which he was literary editor of the Chicago Post and the New Republic and contributor to most of the principal magazines in the United States. Page 558.

IN his current article, MICHAEL M. DAVIS, executive secretary of the Committee on Dispensary Development in New York, discusses the sliding scale of payment for sickness bills and as to whether this tempering of the wind to the shorn pocketbook is a successful way to adjust payments to doctors and hospitals. Page 565.

CARRYING on his case history on a Quaker employer's factory, ROBERT W. BRUÈRE reveals the essential background of the new employer toward democracy in industry, which is one of the outstanding developments of our time. Page 568.

PRINCIPAL of the oldest school for Negroes in the United States, ROSSA B. COOLEY continues her revealing story of the Penn School and the deep roots it has sunk in its community. The story will be continued in later issues, as will the striking portraits of St. Helena Islanders, sketched from life by Winold Reiss of New York. Page 572.

EVELYN HARRIS is a farm woman who has stuck stubbornly and intelligently to her belief that farming is a business and that the solution of a farm woman's problems is not to pack up and move her family to the nearest city. Incidentally, she pays her subscription to The Survey with a basket of delicious Maryland apples. Page 579.

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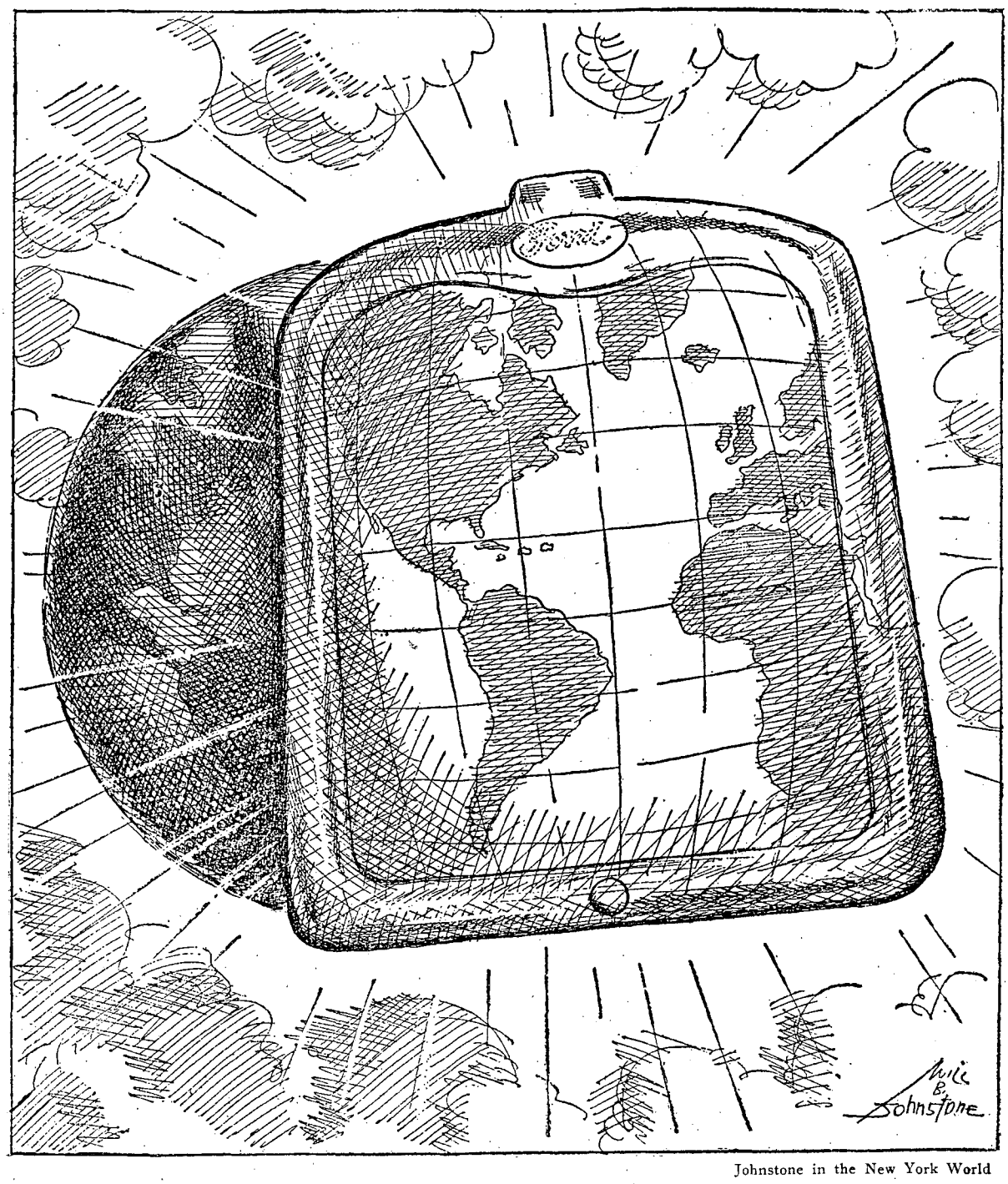

Johnstone in the New York World

THE NEW MODEL

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Henry Ford's Hired Men

Some Inklings as to What the Change in Cars Has Meant to Them—and to the People of Detroit

I. His Employment Policy

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

"HABIT'S a shell," said Henry Ford. He was talking in those idiomatic nuggets which drawn out by his interpreters into paragraphs, chapters and books still retain much of the edge and temper of the original metal. Ford is something of a moralizer as well as a manufacturer, and he was anxious that I should word it right so that he should not be quoted as saying that good habits were not good things. But the inventor in him, the innovator, the essential Ford that has upset all the apple carts of tradition in production, finance and transportation, wanted me to get it straight that people who don't want to move stand in the world's way, that "we must never get too much of a habit."

He was talking of the crews making the first of the new Fords, which in mid-December were inching their way along the new assembly line at the great Fordson plant; of the new valves on which the men had to "work down close" as never before; how some of the old men at these operations had to be shoved out onto "cinder work"—filling in his marsh-land; and entirely fresh operatives in their stead put on the more exact jobs. They were building the new car in the same way that they had built the old one, he said. The only difference lay in the more accurate work that went into it.

"Anything to be successful," he said, "you've got to go right out and take a cross-section of the community. There's no reason for not taking a cross-section. Go right down the street and take the crowd you find there. That's how you must deal."

Shorthand wisdom, which he might have been applying to the market for the new Ford cars; but which he was here applying to his method for recruiting the men that were to build them. He visualized his new set-up in terms that are familiar to followers of mass production:

"One man looks after one thing;" only, under the new conditionings of accuracy, they must be "checked up very carefully." "Craftsmen around." "Well, I tell you, the raw man who has never had any experience at all is the best fellow"—when it comes to fitting him into a new scheme of production.

AGAIN he charged me to word it right so as not to hurt the other fellow. But when all was said and done, he wanted me to know that in a period of change and transition, a plastic human being, without kinks in him to unlearn, counted for more than the man who thought he knew it all or who had been caught in the rut of his own experience.

"Accuracy—give him a gage." "Every man on the assembly line ought to learn to do everything. Keep him moving." "People must never get too much of a habit." "Habit's a shell."

Now all Detroit was thrumming with stories of the centrifugal application of this doctrine, right and left, throughout the summer and fall, to high executives by the score hitherto associated with the Ford Motor Company, no less than to the men on its assembly line. And what Henry Ford said of the

"MANKIND PASSES FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW ON A HUMAN BRIDGE FORMED BY THOSE WHO LABOR IN THE THREE PRINCIPAL ARTS—AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURE AND TRANSPORTATION"

—The wording of the tablet above the main entrance to the office building and laboratories of the Ford Motor Company, at Dearborn, Michigan

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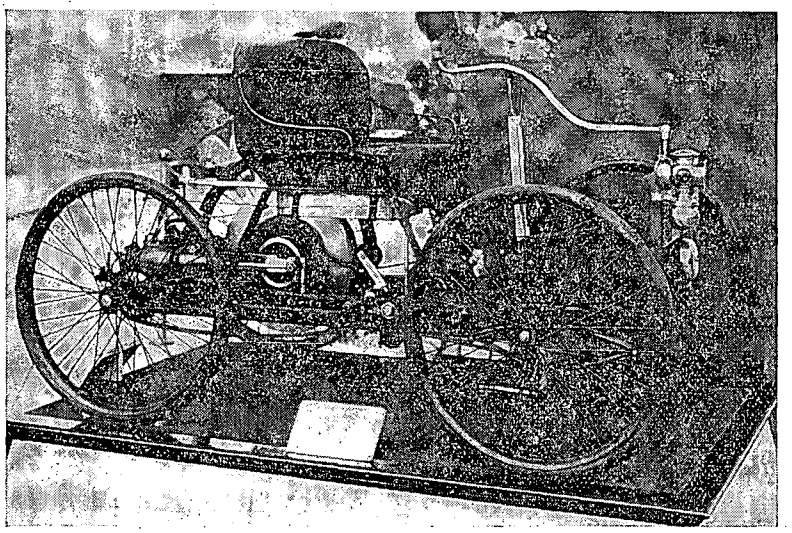


"The essential Ford who has upset all the apple carts of tradition"

men he hired—and fired—had a direct bearing, as I saw it, on his own case. Years ago when the automobile industry was itself a frontier, he had, with his low-priced car, blazed an altogether new trail and fifteen million of his contemporaries had rolled it into a broad highway such as the world had never known. But other cars had pounded along after him; they gathered up speed of production, shaved costs, and pressed him hard; they were at length to pass him: cars of the surfaced roads with many inventions, with stream-lines and other graces that appealed to a prosperous land which knew not Joseph.

You hear stories of resistance to change on the part of the man who looked at the steel industry with fresh eyes and splintered its dogmas, who insurged in lumbering, who crashed the gates of the railroads. You are told how he made short shrift of engineers who recommended that he abandon his planetary transmission; how his last year of waning production of Model T is to be accounted for by the fact that he had a figure in his mind's eye and stuck it till that fifteen millionth car rolled out onto John R. street.

THESE may or may not be so; there has been no lay-off on the assembly line of the myth-makers in Detroit—but it is no myth that, once embarked upon change, Henry Ford broke the shell of his habit—and he broke it wide. Against his own judgment he abandoned his tried and costly transmission, and threw in what he regarded as bauble accessories because the conventional substitute, demanded by popular taste, could be produced for less. He forsook his devoted black for Arabian sands and Niagara blues; and beneath this exterior he overhauled every part, every material and measurement, from the motor that gives double the effective power to a balance that experts told me is, when all was said and done, the intrinsic achievement of the new model. He vaulted from the rut of his experience.

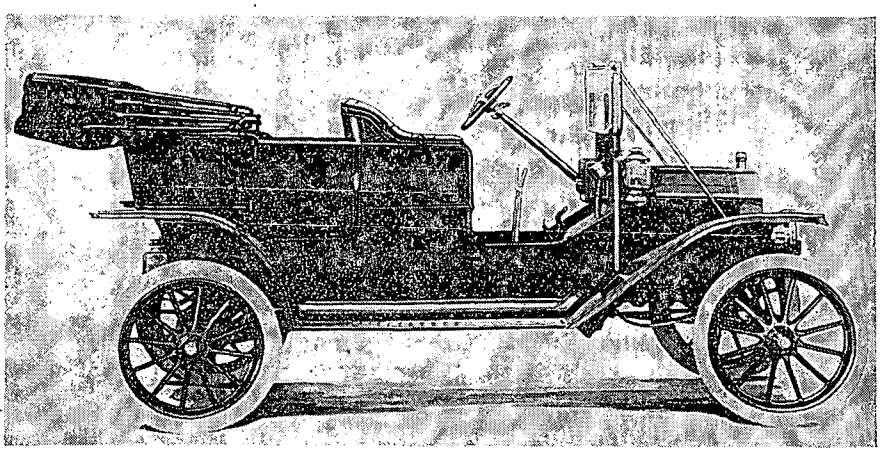
I imagine that the proof of an automobile is no different from that of a pudding. The test of the new Ford, no less than the come-back of General Motors and the others, is on the laps of the open road. But of this I am sure: his resiliency meant something deep to America; something akin to what it meant that Lindbergh did not run amuck in that second foraging flight to the Mexican capital. There is in the man the spirit of youth, no less than the spirit of Detroit, and to have him come through with his colors flying is something big in intangibles—as big, socially speaking, perhaps, as the prophecy that what with the new model at the old figure and the old cars on resale at what have you, every last family in the land can get there and back again on wheels.

In the scant week I spent in Detroit in December, I had two strings to my bow. Every city in the land was agog with Model A displays. The technical press chronicled the overhauling of the Ford fabricating plants that take the raw materials from Ford ore mines and Ford coal-pits, from Ford lumber camps, glass houses, blast furnaces, rolling mills. Was this new Model A car, issuing from this new Model A equipment, being turned out under a new Model A labor policy? That was my first question. Was Ford innovating again as he had done in the early days of mass production, when he set the old crafts by the ears? As he had done later, when he upset his fellow employers by announcing a $5-a-day wage—when that looked as big as a balloon tire to them? For Ford is preeminently a Jack of all trades and a respecter of none.

It would be a glowing thing to answer this question with a "yes." It would be less happy but equally clear-cut to answer it with a "no." And "no" it would have to be if the answer is made now, for Ford's attention, and that of his staff, has naturally enough been riveted on creating the new car and getting it into production.

A Model A labor policy may yet come out of the realization on the part of the Ford executives that their new grade of production calls for a steady intake of workers of a new type; may come out of the self-assertion of those workers; may come of some breaking through of the shell of Ford's own habit of mind on this side where his genius has been dormant. And, as I shall show, there are beginnings in all three directions.

The second string to my bow had to do with the transition from the old to the new model. This not only meant new designs, new machines, new production. It meant a dislocation of work. Did this tremendous modern industrial corporation, sensitive to the wish of one man, and that man the outstanding enterpriser of his day, so handle the transition as to make it least humanly costly? Or did he lay off



Model T—"with his low-priced car he had blazed an altogether new trail"

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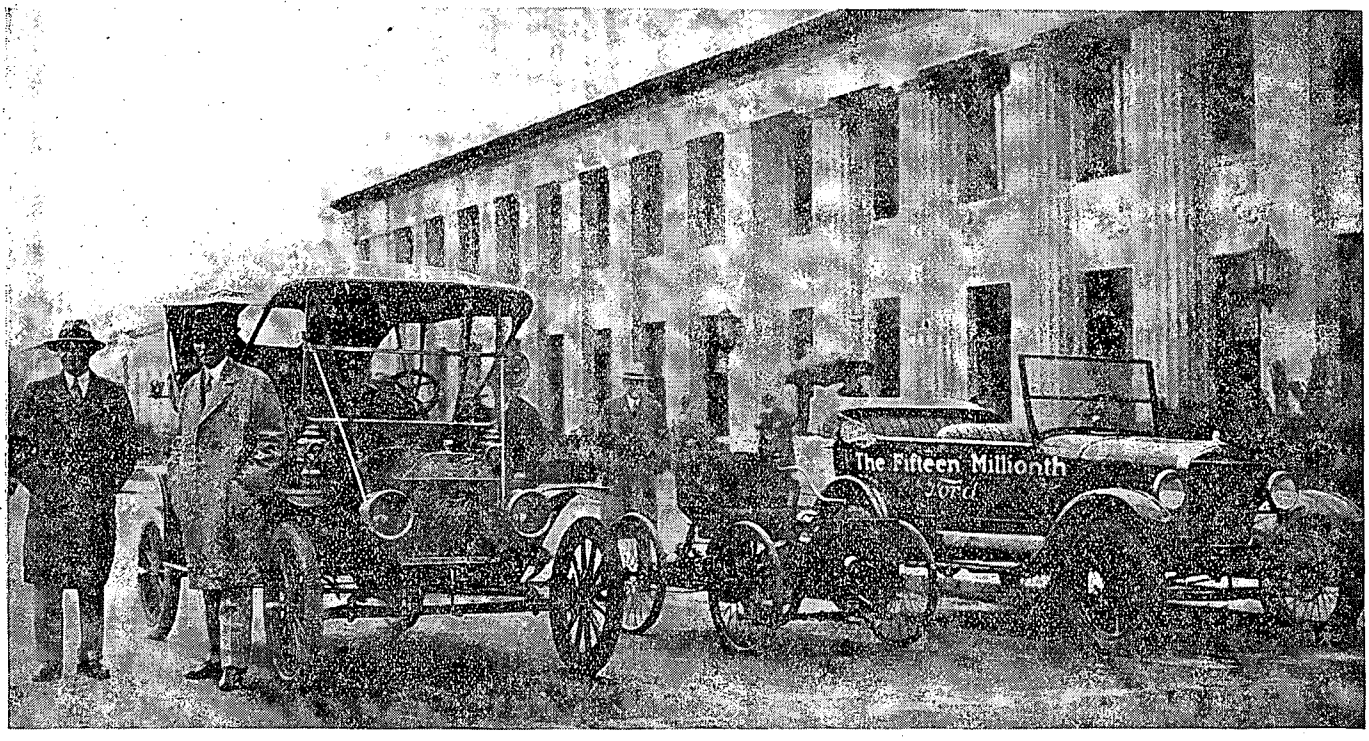
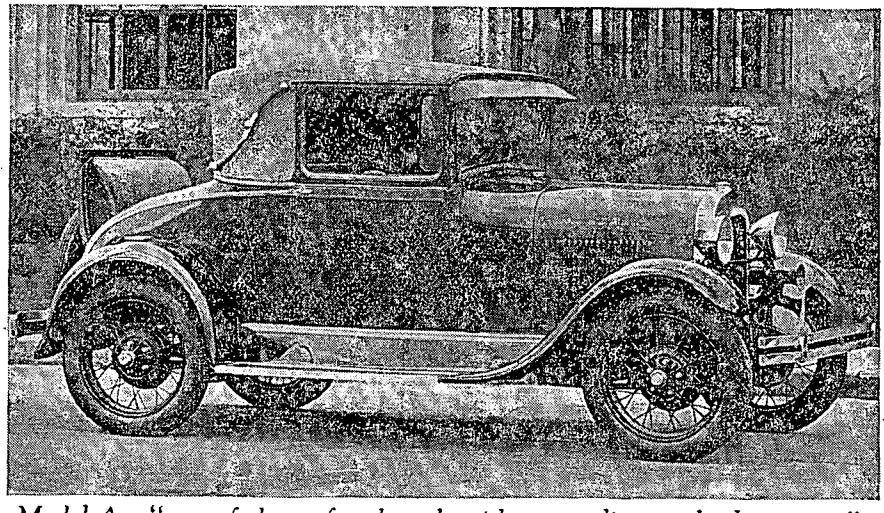


Henry Ford and his famous family: one son and three Lizzies. "His resiliency means something deep to America. . . . There is the spirit of youth no less than the spirit of Detroit in the man"

his help short shrift, like a farmer through with his harvest hands who he knows have homes to go to? Did the Ford Motor Company let its men shift for themselves under city conditions until it was ready for them again? Did it meanwhile let the Detroit public hold the bag? The answer is it did lay them off, in tens and hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands; and the burden of it came down on the households of wage-earners and on the public and private charities of the community. But the answer is, also, that it did what the general run of industrial corporations would do—or be forced to do—under similar circumstances. Incidentally it did some of those meliorative things which soften but do not really meet the brunt of the blow. It is because the Ford Company did the ordinary thing in the ordinary way that the experience of Detroit in the last twelve months is the drastic indictment that it is of the failure of American industries generally to get under the hazard of unemployment, and to work out some mutual framework of security for the urban populations they suck in from the countrysides. There at least a man and his family are likely to have a roof over their heads, a henhouse, a cowshed and a garden patch to tide them over a bad season.

Of Ford's unemployment policy and its consequences I shall write in a second instalment; here of his employment policies in getting the new model into production.

And as it was, Ford took on a man's size job in the last twelve months. You may believe him or not when he told me that "the designing of the car was not so much," but the engineers give us some idea of the tremendous pother in putting it into the works. With every tool and fixture fitted for the production of a single product, every part standardized to the minutest detail, more than fifty per cent of the production machinery has had to be replaced, redesigned, or supplemented by additional equipment. As an illustration, one hundred and sixty-six gear generating machines were completely rebuilt, at a cost per unit of $3,000, to produce two gears included in the new rear axle. More than 43,000 machine tools had to be altered, more than 50 per cent of these rebuilt; 4,500 new ones bought or built. Five million dollars went into new dies and fixtures alone, $22,000,000 into factory preparations before the first car came off the line. These statements are quoted from Industrial Management, and Fay Leone Faurote, co-author of Ford Methods and the Ford Shops, writing in that journal for November, puts the case thus:



Model A—"cars of the surfaced roads with stream-lines and other graces"

Everyone who has worked on a drawing board knows the havoc that is caused all the way down the line by the mere shifting of the center of a hole in a casting; the endless amount of detail, the innumerable changes that have to be made

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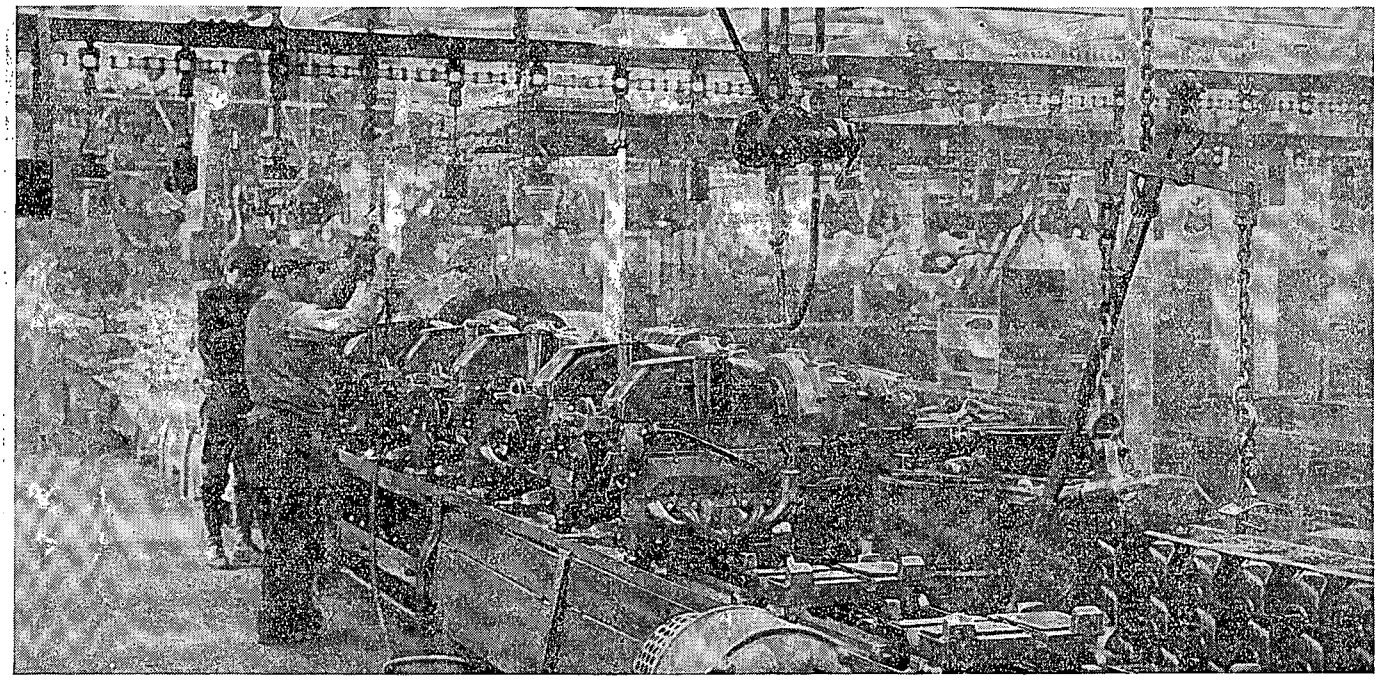
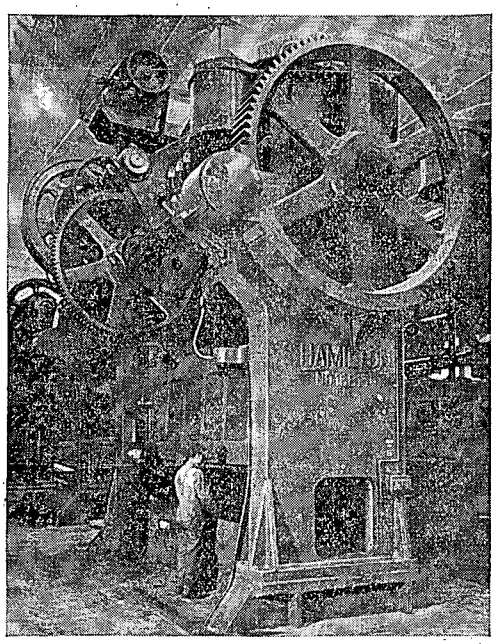


The assembly line of Model A where "a plastic human being without kinks in him to unlearn, counts for more than the man who thought he knew it all or who had been caught in the rut of his own experience"

in tracings, blue prints, patterns, dies, moulds, and in the machinery of all kinds, not to mention the effect of such an alteration upon the organization as a whole; the matter of passing on to the proper persons throughout the shop the information that such a change is very soon contemplated; the readjustment and replacement of machinery already on the floors, the addition of new, the manufacture of new jigs, fixtures, single purpose machines; the notification of material sources; the alteration of contracts; the modification of sales and service literature and the endless confusion which seems to come as a natural result of even the most casual mutation.

Consider, then, if you will what a Brobdingnagian task is Ford's. To what endless ramifications minute correct instructions must be carried, in order that the Ford Motor Company and its foreign factories and branches may function once more as a unit making a single product, completely interchangeable and capable of being serviced everywhere.



"Is this new Model A car, issuing from this new Model A equipment, being turned out under a new Model A labor policy?"

What with the announcement that an output of one thousand cars a day would be reached by January; with crowds milling about the exhibition rooms of the big cities, orders piling up and Ford dealers in the smaller centers unable as yet to get even one show car, my anticipations as to the Ford plants in Detroit were colored by recollections of the city room of a newspaper on election night. The first of Mr. Ford's close associates I encountered at Dearborn—the laboratories and G.H.Q. of Ford himself, a spacious group of buildings as big as a manufacturing plant, and some miles distant from the great operations at Fordson and Highland Park—told me to come back in a month if I wanted to look into things: they were very busy. I had visions of his chief, like a general on a hilltop, with aides dashing to and fro.

On my flank assault a few days later—for a city room after all has its uses by way of training—I was taken to a little developing room in search of pictures for this article. The main photographic department is at Highland Park, on the other side of Detroit, and this nook was Mr. Ford's private preserve. Here photographs he especially is concerned with are handled, and I looked for profiles of giant machines, of Lizzie's niece in all her poses, progress photos of the new installations. Not a bit of it. The man in charge was very busy getting out a series of prints. The shop opened off the great drafting room, with hundreds of drawing boards and men with calipers and T-squares. Beyond that were vast reaches of model-makers and tool designers and such—acres of glass above them, acres of polished hard wood floors below. One of the men in the laboratories it seemed was a quaint fellow, a Saint Nick in miniature, or at least in spirit; and Ford had built him a toy shop and cabin in his woods. And there was a sleigh for him to mount in his furs and false beard. And deer to draw it. And a great chimney he could roister down with a bound, to the excitement of the children of Dearborn, who pilgrimage there each year during the two or three days before Christmas on invitation of Henry Ford, not going away empty-handed.

AND the pictures being lifted dripping from the photographer's tank chronicled the whole escapade. Mr. Ford was most particular to have them that afternoon for some purpose, we were told, and was himself up to his ears in the whole holiday enterprise.

We went through the great drafting room to the laboratory where the new model was synthesized. On the way, in one of the aisles, and at the shoulder of one of the draftsmen, I caught a glimpse of Ford, leaning over to point out some feature of a drawing to the man working on it. The natal

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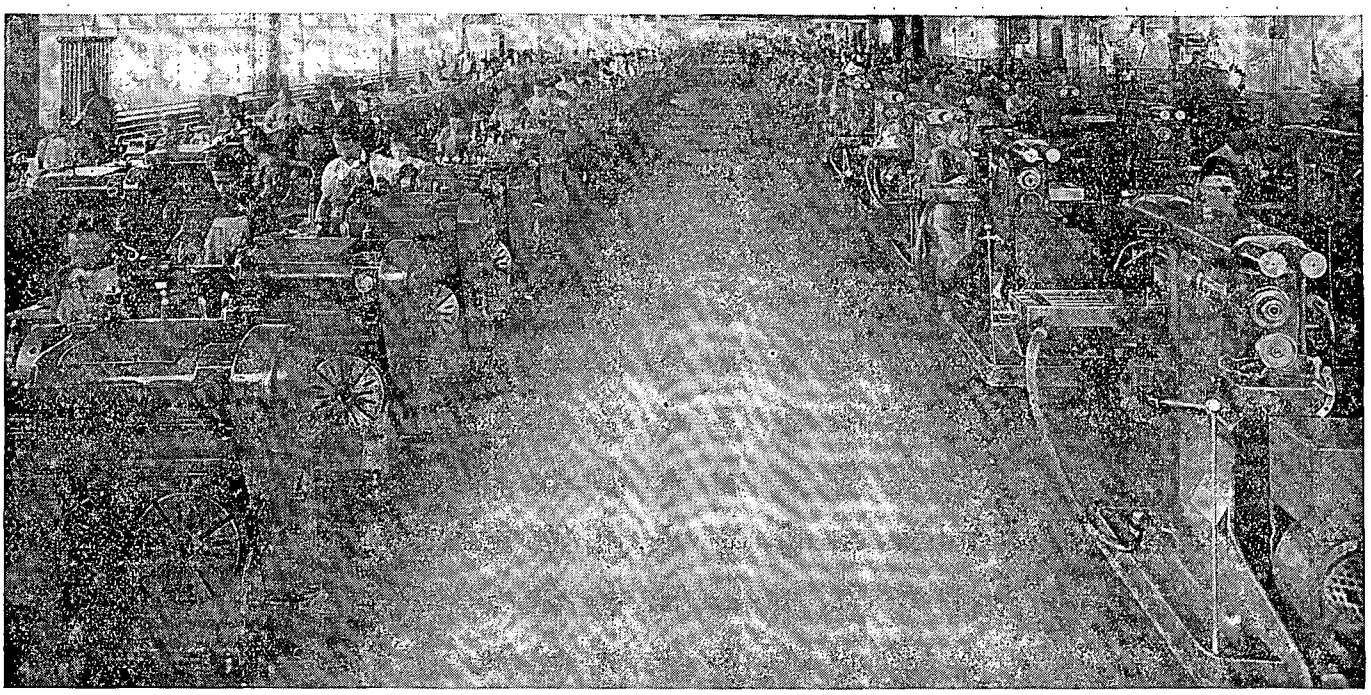


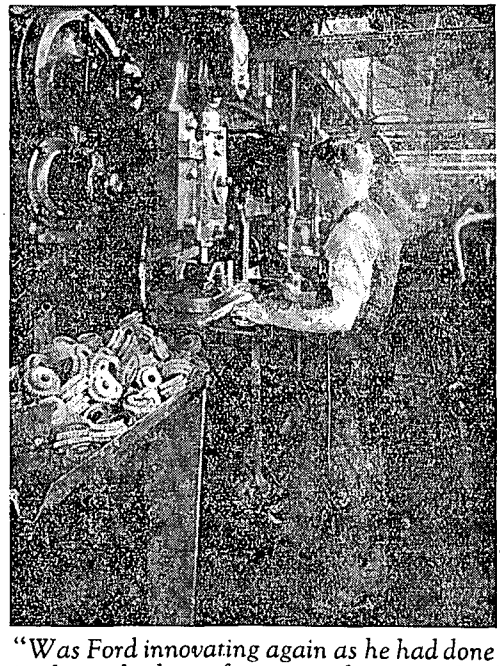
The trade school shop where "they hope to turn out young Fords. . . . The mass production plants . . . may be found generating a new craftsmanship for the upper reaches of their work . . . men who can read blueprints"

laboratory itself was no large affair with the skeleton of an automobile in one corner, and designs and parts, apparatus and benches around. After we had looked about, what sounded like the tuning up of an orchestra came through a farther door. "Don't you know the new Ford was born to music?" I was asked. The door opened on to a dance hall, and I imagine that Mr. Ford's fiddlers have disported here. But the special object of his interest, it seems, has been an invention of his very own—the harmonization of four instruments—sousaphone, delcimar, violin and cymbalon. And on a platform to the right—the dance floor was empty—was his novel orchestra practising for the next affair. I noticed that there were five men instead of four seated on the platform. The fifth was Henry Ford, at once as leisurely and as absorbed as he had been a while back at the board in the drafting room.

THERE seems to be some uncertainty as to just when the new Ford was born. "We had been experimenting for ten years," Mr. Ford explained. He credits his son, Edsel, with giving the new car its "style" and much beside. But whoever the anonymous creators of this feature or that, whatever its sources in the experience of his own or other plants, there seems to be a whole-hearted recognition on all hands that he himself had a finger in all its pies. And above all in the baking. "Where did he do his inventing?" "Precious little of it at the shop," I was answered. "As like as not at the Wayside Inn, and we'd get instructions by wire. He does not have to stand over men to get them to bring something to the test." And another one told me that more than once his staff believed that they had the new model settled last summer, and that it would go into production forthwith—only to learn that to Ford's mind it had only been brought up to a level, a scaffolding if you will, from which they were to keep on building.

In a brilliant article in the New York Times for December 18, Waldemar Kaempffert tells of the pre-natal stages of Model A and of Ford's midwifery which seems "a little mad to his contemporaries." He would not "spend a cent to determine the relation of fuel characteristics to engine performance, but a million, two millions in building experimental cars, testing them to the breaking point in the laboratory and on the road, and tearing them down to find out where they fail." We are told that the designing staff paid no heed to costs but "curved its back over drawing-boards and considered these essentials alone (speed, strength, comfort, style). . . . Whether the chassis and engine were to cost $16,000 or 16 cents was of no immediate consequence. It was the production department's function to evolve shop methods which would make it possible for the masses to buy the new Ford." Through it all "there was just one man to be pleased and that was Henry Ford."

I have turned to the engineers for these chronicles of the car's incubation, and of the mechanical installations. But in my excursions about the plants I caught glimpses of a further stage—that in which models, designs and specifications reached the hands of the producing staff; and an altogether different type of inventing was in process, having to do with the practical handling of men and machines and materials in a way that would cut costs under what some of the oldest men in the organization felt were the impossible price figures set by Henry Ford at the eleventh hour.



"Was Ford innovating again as he had done in the early days of mass production, when he set the old machine crafts by the ears?"

Take one illustration. In line and color, the new bodies are party-dresses com-

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pared with the everyday clothes of the original Ford. The tops of the doors followed the curve of the roof. This meant that the right and left doors on each closed car were different; and different on each style car. One of the chief executives put his finger on that top line of the door and had it squared. With the pillars alike, and hinges readily adjusted, that meant that the same door could be used on either side, and no one would be the wiser; it meant that the same door could be used on either side of the tudor, the coupe, the sports model and the cab of the truck—six parts crushed into one for mass production. That meant savings in the drafting room, in laying out the design; in making pillars, castings, tools, dies; on the number of machines necessary to cut them; on the organization necessary to follow the materials through—down to the savings in handling scrap.

OR here is a piece which requires eleven operations as it comes off the bar before it reaches its final shape. Link the machines together, automatic or half-automatic, and out goes the labor, down goes the cost. Sequences of this sort which were the development of years in the old production, are being installed at the start on the new. Ford innovated when he undertook to make his own steel. His blast furnaces, converters, foundry are linked in such a grand sequence while the original heat holds. With this outfit as his base, he will take over the making of more of the larger metal parts for the new car, the frames for example.

One of the most picturesque reaches of the Fordson plant is a nest of machines which turn out the rear axle housing in three parts and then weld them into a solid trumpet-like piece the seams of which are as strong as the sides. The blue light of the swinging electric tubes is broken by a yellow flare from a reheating furnace and dancing lights from welding machines where men work in helmets to protect their eyes. There is a cascade of sparks as men with asbestos gloves slip a red-hot forging the size of a catcher's mit into one of the new spinners, which presses a forming tool against it and fashions it as if it were putty. These spinners are about the size and have the formidableness of a brace of bull-rhinoceroses, standing head on at a tangent and whirling the forging between them on their horns. The pair cost $60,000 and if you prefer an engineer's description take Kaempffert's: "The machine is a huge potter's wheel; instead of clay, red hot steel is molded. A year ago there was no conceivable process whereby such housings could be made. Now Ford spins them three a minute." Not far away were a conclave of presses, three haystacks high, with tremendous crushing power; and as impressive as a group of old Egyptian gods. The outfit ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars and some of them weigh 480,000 pounds. Here was to be a sequence to fashion the cross members of the frame, shaped into curves and box-like angles and punched with the same pressures. What I meant by the extension of the inventing process on the floor was illustrated here, for the department had made suggestions which condensed the operations and cut out three of the smaller presses before they were ever used.

It is of course in the assembly lines themselves that the idea of sequence reaches its apex; only here the human element more fully enters in, interlarded at every point where fingers, eyes and pliant motions are needed to bring the mechanical parts together into the pattern of the completed car. Here, and even more in the departments which turn out the parts that serve the lines, you sense what has been the strategy of mass production—to break up into segments skilled jobs that had been looked upon as such since the days of the industrial revolution; to sluice off the factor of skill into the planning departments and tool rooms, to unload the heavy work onto power plant and carriers, and to turn production itself into a series of repetitive operations by men and machines. And the success of the new Ford car at the prices fixed, depends on its being the work of these production men, who come on at five dollars a day, are raised soon to six dollars, and get more than that in 60 per cent of the jobs. If skilled men, machinists, electricians, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters at the going rate in Detroit were put on production, the costs would zoon and every man's flivver become a thing of the past. Kaempffert puts the figure at $10,000 if Model A were made entirely by hand and to turn out 10,000 a day would take the sweat and brawn of a million smiths and machinists. The "thousands of automatic machines that bore, drill, plane, grind and press with such celerity and tireless accuracy have multiplied the working capacity of each man in Ford's employ a hundred-fold at least."

It is necessary to have this chapter in the history of American labor in mind as well as Ford's employing policies in the past, in gauging any new tendencies in producing the new model. I have before me the analysis of Machinery and Its Effects upon the Workers contributed to the admirable special number on The Automobile brought out by the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The author is Professor Charles Reitell of the School of Business Administration of the University of Pittsburgh—one of our keenest students of mass production. He points out that in the automobile industry, the direct operations of cutting, bending and shaping were the first to be transferred to the automatic machines; next feeding by hand became mechanical feeding; then came the conveyors, endless belts, slides, etc. (as many as 200 kinds of these in a single modern plant); and lastly the building of machines in batteries. With this development came the break-up of the old classifications of craftsmen and laborers and in turn that of the transitional groupings of "skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled," and we have in their stead:

Machine tenders—operators of boring mills, lathes, punch presses, etc.
Assemblers
Skilled workers—machinists, diesinkers, etc.
Inspectors
Helpers—varnish rubbers, trim belt hands, etc.
Laborers—clean-up men and the like.

FIGURES drawn from Bulletin 348 of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics (October, 1923) on Wages and Hours of Labor in the Automobile Industry show that craftsmen and common labor (groups 3 and 6), skill and brawn, are decreasing proportionally, the machine tenders and assemblers increasing. And Professor Reitell points out that with this relative subsidence of the highest- and lowest-paid workers, and the emergence of the middle groups, "the development of automatic and handling machinery has tended to level wages."

Other things flow from the same source—the inauguration of measured production and pay plans based on it; the "rhythmic stride of the machine" which steps on the heels of tenders and assemblers alike; experience become less important than, to quote a Ford superintendent, freedom from "worry, careless living and drunkenness," that will enable

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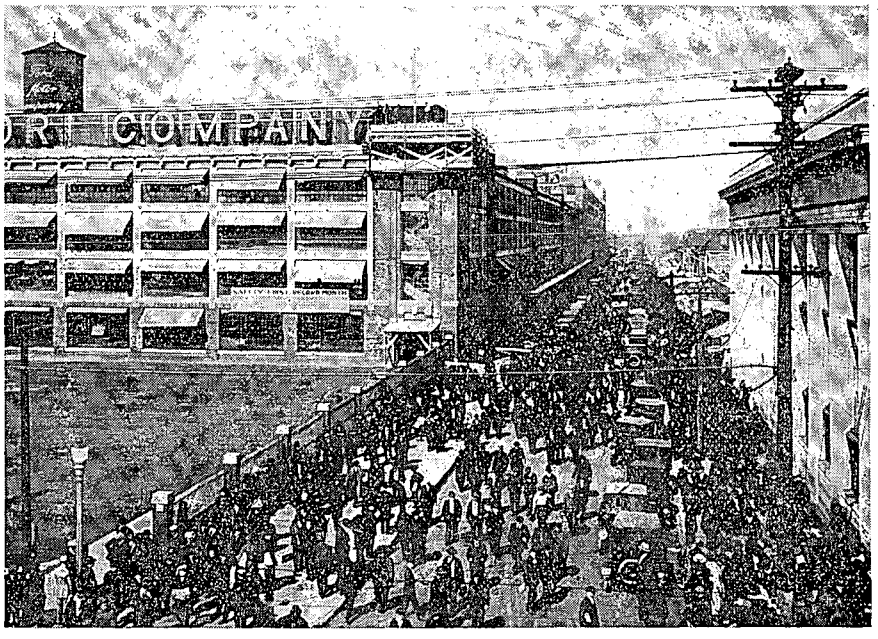
a worker to "keep up an energetic gait" for his stint of hours. Moreover, we have the substitution of what Simon Patten aptly called "Product" for "Climax" in his prescient little book of that name—meaning by climax such satisfactions as a farmer gets out of felling a tree, a catch of fish in a brook, or his full bins at corn-husking. "Automatic machinery puts padlocks on self-expression," writes Professor Reitell; the machine tender, unlike the old time artisan, has nothing at the end of the day compact of his skill, his knowledge of the ins and outs of a trade, which he can point to and say, "I did it."

> And just so long as automatic machinery withholds from the worker the opportunity for showing or expressing to some degree his own individuality and ability, then just so long may we expect him to be unconcerned about his job save for the money he can get out of it.

He must look for his satisfactions and his security outside a working life "rigidly shaped by the machine."

Ford seems to have sensed these changes and met them in advance of his contemporaries, not always consistently, consecutively, nor considerately, but free-handedly. One or another of them entered into his early cutting of the work day to eight hours, his more recent try-out of the five-day week. They entered into his institution of the minimum five-dollar day in 1914, which gave his machine men a footing comparable to that of men in many of the skilled trades in American industry. These changes entered into the bonus system on which this minimum was originally based, and which involved standards in personal and household life, encouraged and passed upon by a sociological department the humane activities of which, as conceived by John R. Lee, ran on for six years. Then, in the time of depression in 1920, these changes entered in again on a different tangent when Ford swept the whole scheme out as so much overhead. He stuck to the high wages, however. In recent years, I am told, while other auto manufacturers approximate his rates for skilled men, the differential of his present six dollars minimum for machine hands and production men, while cut down, is still there; and his labor turnover is lower than that of any other similar plant in the Detroit district. That shows, contrariwise, that a man who does good work has been pretty sure of his job. He continued also an employment office—an advance over the old-time hiring and firing by foremen. But, according to Dean Marquis, who as head of the sociological department, had felt himself to be "part of a great experiment in applied Christianity in industry" and who now joined the Ford "alumni," Ford swung the full arc and turned the handling of his labor over to executives who "held that men worked for two reasons—their wage and the fear of losing their jobs."



When the whistle blows. Workmen leaving the plant at Highland Park

Detroit is rife with stories of 2,000 telephones ripped out of the Ford plants at a crack because they don't want "pants-warmers" around, and of employes, high and low, "bumped off" with equal summariness. "Some organizations use up so much energy and time maintaining a feeling of harmony," wrote Ford in this new incarnation of labor policy, "that they have no force left to work for the object for which the organization was created" (My Life and Work: Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, 1923). And of the new regime Marquis writes (Henry Ford; an Interpretation):

> To them the sole end of industry was production and profits, and the one sure way of getting these things out of labor was to curse it, threaten it, drive it, insult it, humiliate it, and discharge it on the slightest provocation; in short—to use the phrase much on the lips of such men—"put the fear of God into labor." And they were always thinking of themselves as the little gods who were to be feared.

It is to be noted that even in the days of the man-to-man work of the sociological department, the program had less to do with any share on the part of the men as to the ordering of the day's work in the plant, than with the good offices of the staff of the employing corporation in their home affairs (which gave rise to the charge of paternalism). Given the front of the organized crafts that were scrambled to make up the automobile omelet, it can scarcely be gainsaid that had the employers not broken loose, they would have had their hands full of jurisdictional disputes, resistances at a hundred points to the disruption of old practices, and strikes aplenty. Ford has played a lone hand with respect to both organized employers and organized workers. Viewed from one angle, he has successively beaten the union leadership to it in matching their drive for the shorter workday, going over their scales of wages, and now cutting the week to five days. In a sense he bought off what a pro-union friend of mine called the "nuisance value of organized labor;" paid damages for scrapping habit shells, ransomed his liberty to do his work as he pleased.

But while he forestalled, negatively, interference on the part of his workers, he forewent any increments from their positive initiative. The Ford plant has, of course, nothing in its history to match the recent constructive experience of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway with the machinists' union, in which labor engineers have collaborated with management engineers in revolutionizing shop practices and putting the backs of everybody concerned into new advances in workmanship and production. And so far as individual

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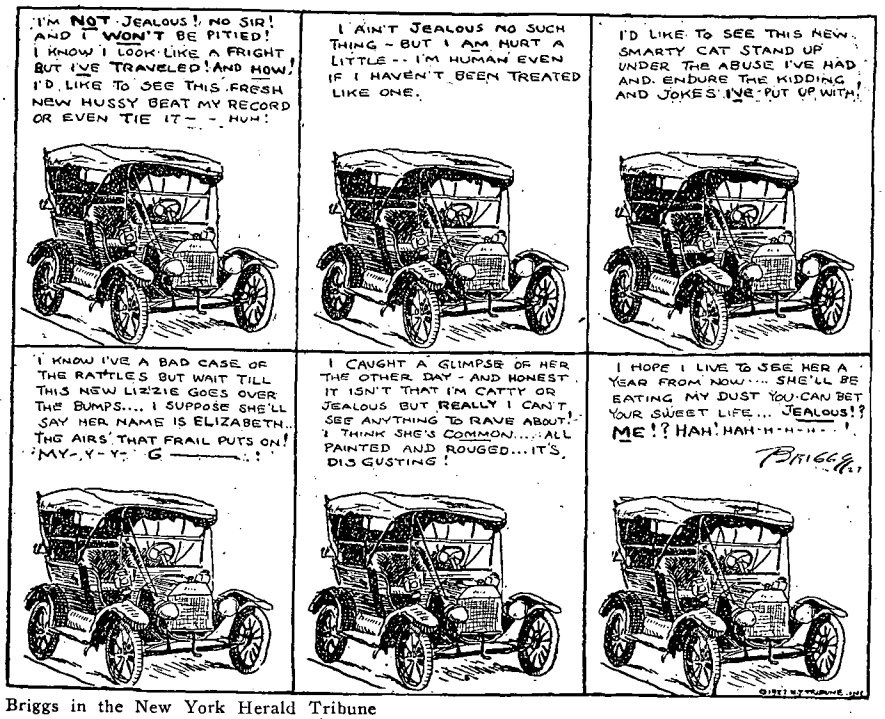
I'M NOT JEALOUS! NO SIR! AND I WON'T BE PITIED! I KNOW I LOOK LIKE A FRIGHT BUT I'VE TRAVELED! AND HOW! I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS FRESH NEW HUSSY BEAT MY RECORD OR EVEN TIE IT— — HUH!
I AIN'T JEALOUS NO SUCH THING - BUT I AM HURT A LITTLE -- I'M HUMAN EVEN IF I HAVEN'T BEEN TREATED LIKE ONE.
I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS NEW SMARTY CAT STAND UP UNDER THE ABUSE I'VE HAD AND ENDURE THE KIDDING AND JOKES I'VE PUT UP WITH!
I KNOW I'VE A BAD CASE OF THE RATTLES BUT WAIT TILL THIS NEW LIZZIE GOES OVER THE BUMPS.... I SUPPOSE SHE'LL SAY HER NAME IS ELIZABETH.. THE AIRS THAT FRAIL PUTS ON! MY-Y-Y- G———!
I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HER THE OTHER DAY - AND HONEST IT ISN'T THAT I'M CATTY OR JEALOUS BUT REALLY I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING TO RAVE ABOUT! I THINK SHE'S COMMON.... ALL PAINTED AND ROUGED... IT'S DISGUSTING!
I HOPE I LIVE TO SEE HER A YEAR FROM NOW.... SHE'LL BE EATING MY DUST YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET LIFE... JEALOUS!? ME!? HAH! HAH-H-H-H-H-!
BRIGGS

Briggs in the New York Herald Tribune

"Wonder what the old tin Lizzie thinks about"

workers go, the motor of Ford's Model T labor policy in its later reaches seems to have been assembled from these parts: the lure of high wages; the pressure of moving machinery and the man at your elbow; plus the "fear of God" and losing your job. What of changes with the coming of Model A?

The day of my visit, ninety-six of the new cars were turned out by the day assembly crew in eight hours, as against two a minute yesteryear at Highland Park. Production is now centered at Fordson. There are two such lines, one for cars and one for trucks, but for the most part the completed cars will be put together at assembly plants throughout the country to which the major parts will be shipped. There was no great change so far as I could see at Fordson in the final assembly; first a dead line where cross members, motor supports, equalizer shafts and the rest are bolted together ready for a conveyor where springs and axles, brake shoes and engine pans are added. Then the frame is turned turtle, and swung at right angles on to the main moving line, where motors and wheels and steering apparatus are put in place by groups of workmen in turn until the frame becomes a chassis; bodies and fixtures, and the chassis becomes a car; gasoline and water and the car rolls off on its own.

THE explanation, I gathered, for the slow output, lay not in the assembly line but in its sources; and in the motor assembly I got a glimpse of the explanation and some of the human equations involved. This has a huge acreage—a ten-ring circus of conveyors and traveling chains; interlocked and surrounded by the machine departments that finish the parts that feed the line. The first motors have been assembled by the pick of the old crews—not a few of them foremen, who were displaced when the payroll was telescoped. They have been broken in to the new formula; and as the work is speeded up, a new man will be placed between every two of them. Their interest it will be to break him in and keep the work moving along continuously.

The test will come when the augmented lines will be manned by the ordinary run of unskilled labor.

And it is here that in bringing out the new model, the Ford Company have come up against a new front in their labor problem. Great care was taken to keep intact the nucleus of these crews over the summer; only to discover that men who had been speedy at a particular operation on the old motor were all thumbs on the new. They were in a rut of their experience and had to be shifted. More than that, whereas in the old motor there was a certain latitude, the new, with its higher power, must be exactly right to function. If things were true to a thousandth of an inch in the old days, they must now be true to a ten-thousandth of an inch.

The Ford Company themselves make the famous Johanssen gages as part of their laboratory operations; but a gage must be handled by a sensitive man. The precision work calls for a new type of fellow—not an allround mechanic to be sure, but plastic, alert, intelligent. The new crank shaft must meet the tests of both static and dynamic balance. The same sort of man can turn it and drill the holes, but when it comes to the grinding operation, with a blueprint chart before him covered with figures, that is a horse of a different color. Against the huge automatic presses I have spoken of, must be set young men working with gages, at polished tables, rubbing the surfaces of a little valve on powdered glass until the contact is so perfect that they cling to each other.

To recruit such workers, to hold them once recruited, to

Knott in the Dallas News

"Naming the baby"

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bring this new grade of intelligence and aptitude into the stream of mass production, is, as I see it, a first charge on the new Ford labor policies. Ford produced a car which a horse-driving America could climb into and run. He is dealing today with a motor-driving public, with children who have grown up with cars; and the new Ford is a response to the change. Similarly, the crude processes of producing the old simple standardized product are being affected by the new precisions called for by the new model and by the involved sequences which stretch the demands on an old-type machine tender. The whole weight of the Ford organization is thrown into the task of resolving these new operations into the old production technique; into mass employment, which can engage Mr. Ford's cross-section of men you find on the street corner. But once in the plant, a sifting process begins. A new type of production man must be reckoned with on a higher range of performance, with a bigger brain pan, or more of it used; and—who knows—a hunch to have a larger say as to the business of working for Ford.

FORD has used men interchangeably, but only parts of men. And while there is a great deal of free play and initiative on the part of his minor executives and foremen and such, he has not begun to tap the human reserves on his huge payrolls. Or they to put the rest of themselves in motion.

Compare his experience, for example, with that of a well known garment factory in Chicago, which has a working agreement with a progressive union, and which was faced similarly with the necessity for changing its output. The workers themselves, the experts and experienced men which the union threw into the common problem contributed as much to cutting out wastes, telescoping operations and devising new techniques, as the management. That is a far cry from the labor scheme at Ford's where everything comes down from the top.

There are indications of the waste and friction the Ford establishment experiences because of the complete lack of machinery for the interplay of understanding all up and down the line. Grievances get listened to, but there are no channels for constructive cooperation. For example, in the period of decreased production, when men were being put on short time and laid off, a lot of good feeling could have been conserved had there, for example, been some scheme of works councils where the program could have been discussed face up, as the change from two shifts to three was discussed by the works council of one of the smaller steel companies which abandoned the twelve-hour day when the U. S. Steel Corporation said that it could not be done and that the men would not stand for it. The Steel Corporation had no such collective machinery, nor has Ford's.

As a first resort, last winter, the lessened work was staggered, so as to spread it out among crews, each of which worked part time. That would have been a good policy in a general depression; every worker would have had some cushion. But at a time when other automobile plants in the Detroit district were going full-tilt, a Ford man could not hire out to them without risk of losing his job at Ford's when production began again full steam. Meanwhile, he was not earning enough on short time to meet expenses at home. It was a good policy for the company to keep its force within call; but the point is, the men had no say as to whether it looked good or bad to them; or a chance to work out an adjustment that would have been good both ways.

Kirby in the New York World

"Lizzie's got a little sister"

Apparently there's something of a shell over this part of Mr. Ford's brain. "If you ask him about labor unions," said one of his younger confidants to me, "he won't answer you. He's likely to reply by asking you how you like the new Ford car."

But at another point, the Ford organization has come up against a need which was met before the days of mass production by the old order of machine shops and unions with their masters and craftsmen and apprentices. Namely, the development of skilled men; experts in their lines like Ford, who learned the machinist's trade in Detroit and Charles Sorenson, his chief in production at Fordson, that of the pattern-makers in Milwaukee; and who today can turn their hands to anything from steel to paper, to textiles, to locomotives, to power plants, to airplanes, to Johanssen gages. "I ought to stand ready to make a balloon if Ford wanted me to," said Sorenson to me. That is the pith of their relationship. He is a big man, vigorous, in his prime, out about the plant, apparently, most of the time. There were something like 79,000 men responsible to him the morning I came to his office anxious to follow the new Ford through from bones to breast plate. But instead the man himself spent the better part of the morning showing me through a department on a second floor where they hope to turn out—young Fords. That's the new shop school at Fordson; and the hearts of both Fords seemed set on it. Said Sorenson:

You see when we started we hadn't any automobile mechanics. Every man in the country came up with the motor. Americans are machine users in the way they weren't in the old days. At the same time, you can't go on forever in the mechanical business itself without teaching anybody to do things exactly right. We drew on the men trained in the little old-fashioned shops. We've been buried by building up the business and haven't developed the type of mechanic needed under the new conditions. Ford sees this. I have in my own case. Ford got the basis of his experience as an apprentice. I did. He learned tool-making, steam engineering. I came up through the pattern shop. We've lost sight of this and we hope

(*Continued on page* 593)

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And Where Does Ireland Stand?

By FRANCIS HACKETT

TWO Irishmen were talking recently about a sweeping statement one of them had made, and the second one said: "I know why you didn't think you had to hedge it all around with explanations. We're not English. We're Irish." The other looked up quickly and stuck out his jaw. "I may as well tell you I *am* Irish," he said, "and proud to be Irish. And *bloody* proud to be Irish."

It is frightfully difficult, apparently, to make any remark about any nationality without hitting a nerve. If you say, "I'll now expose my real mind about the Chinese," some one in the tea business or the Christian business or the big navy business will pop up asking, "How does this affect the navy? Or Christianity? Or tea?"

A man who was brought up in Amsterdam and who hates the name of Alva and of Catholic Spain, is not at all unlikely to transfer his hatred of Catholic Spain, into a contempt for Catholic Ireland. This comes from his being proud, and bloody proud, of being Dutch. To expose to such a man your real mind about the Irish, without getting him to open his own mind, is not only rather useless, it is dangerous. He feeds his dislike on your unfavorable remarks and he ignores the more favorable.

It takes two to make a truth, one who wants to tell it, the other who wants to know it. And as everybody has a country and a nationalism, the task of the analyst is not simple. Just the same, intelligent internationalism depends on understanding national mentalities, and I want in this article to seize if I can on the special mentality of the Irish people, as it comes to one living continuously in an Irish community for six months.

The Irish Free State is now a political fact. At no time, probably, was it likely to be upset since the signing of the treaty with England, the stolidity of England and the boredom of America and the fatigue of the Irish people anchoring it so securely that no Republicans could possibly budge it. But even with the "cease fire" order of 1923 acknowledging the futility of armed protest against the treaty, de Valera could still rally a good third of the people on the principle of all-or-nothing. The oath of allegiance to King George was his most tangible issue, and he made the best of it. He accumulated 50,000 more voters than Cosgrave's party in the June elections on the principle of pure nationalism, and he might still be harping on this single string but for a catastrophe of the first order, the murder of Kevin O'Higgins.

This murder produced the exact contrary of the effect on which its agents calculated. It was meant to frighten Cosgrave and his associates; it hardened them. It was meant to scatter the Irish mind; it concentrated it. It was meant to smash the Free State, and instead it has wiped out every political party that refused to enter the Irish parliament.

These results could not have been foreseen. The pro-treaty government to which O'Higgins belonged had been returned to power in June more or less on sufferance. It was quite dissatisfied with the half-hearted endorsement it had got from the electorate and it was peevishly shouldering the task of administration. Labor was against it with a strong vote, and deValera planned to run up and down the country agitating against the "penal oath" that England had sewed into the treaty. This was the moment chosen by a group of young extremists, still unidentified, to go back to assassination. A trio of them, armed to the teeth, waylaid O'Higgins on his road to mass and poured eight bullets into him.

O'Higgins was Cosgrave's minister of justice and the obvious target for these submerged political bigots. As a cabinet minister during the civil war he had been quite ready to inflict capital punishment on rebels against the Free State, and he had argued for flogging with the same implacable spirit that he had argued against women on juries. A man of 35, bleak, repressed, sarcastic, uninspiring as a nationalist and a believer in Leviathan, he was at the same time a hard worker, forceful, able and principled. Willing to see Ireland work out its destiny as a British dominion and heavily flattered by the English at the Imperial Conference, he was just the kind of man to be hated by what Yeats once termed Romantic Ireland. He met his death without wincing, touchingly forgiving, resigned and serene.

The challenge that these assassins had delivered to the party in

Candor Is a Boomerang

MY object in this article is to throw light on the Irish mentality. It is a sad fact that this sort of thing is nearly always misunderstood. When Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, for example, I noticed a diatribe in the New Statesman of London on a certain "nominally civilized country." It is, of course, the country of Elmer Gantry and the Ku Klux Klan; but one had hoped that somewhere in those United States there was a public opinion, capable of asserting itself, which would repudiate the "barbarism," etc., etc. The author of Elmer Gantry, you see, has armed this chivalric Englishman so that he can wallop America on the head, and, in his orgy of justice and idealism, kick America in the ribs with his good clumsy golf shoes. This is the price that all critics pay when they expose their honest version of the country they were born in. Candor is a boomerang. Yet all nationality is sick nationality that cannot risk putting a weapon into the hands of the venomous or the malevolent. The Irish, as I see them, are quite ready to criticize other peoples. I imagine it can't hurt them to be commented on themselves.

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power was taken up with vehemence. Cosgrave at once made the broad issue of pro-treaty and anti-treaty. He rallied all the stable and peace-loving forces behind the government. He demanded extraordinary powers, a suspension of the constitution, rights of coercion, and a chance to ostracize and repress the anti-treaty party. This aggressive onslaught on forces that had themselves despised and belittled the constitution came within an ace of dislodging Cosgrave, but deValera's failure to pull off a majority in the Dail and thus throw Cosgrave out of office gave a victory to the pro-treaty forces which can only be described as stupendous. The victory, indeed, carries the treaty issue to a triumphant conclusion, sending the Republicans deeply underground, rejoicing the colonials, installing the respectable lock-step majority and opening up the real problem of Irish mentality and Irish under-education.

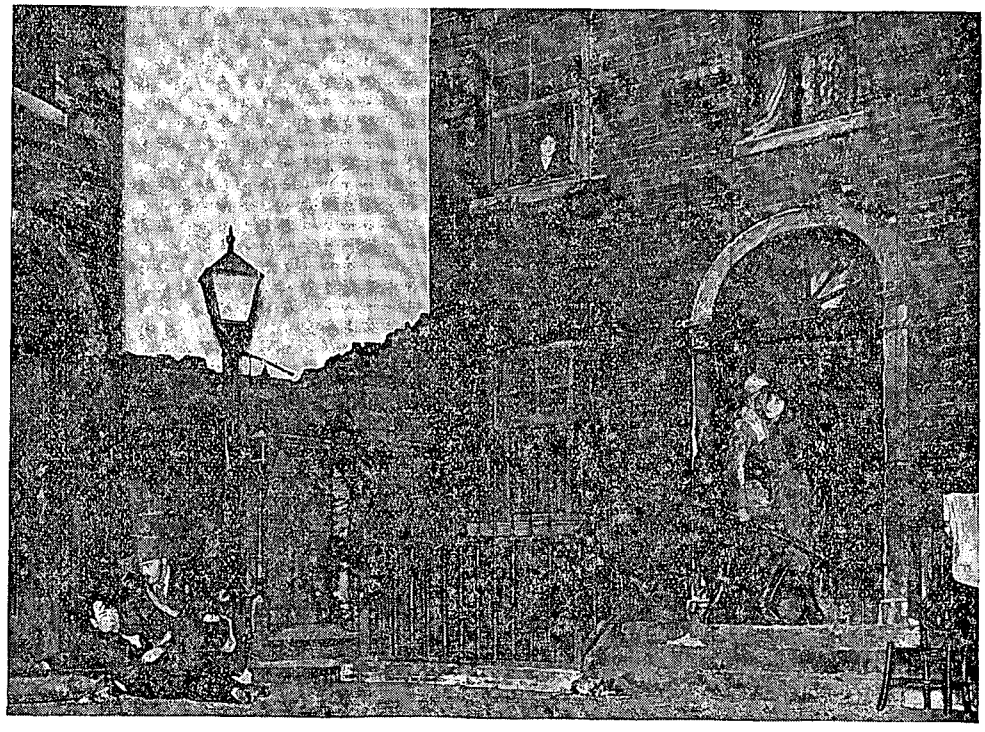
To illustrate this mentality, I recur to the murder I have been mentioning. When Kevin O'Higgins was shot, four men told me what they thought of it. A professional man said it was the act of savages. A Republican teacher told me that it was a crime against society, but that it did not really shock him since O'Higgins was quintessentially bourgeois. An insurance agent condemned it as murder, but had no idea who could have done it and added that he had lost interest in all politics in Ireland since the row about the treaty. The fourth man, a worker, said that O'Higgins had himself ordered the shooting of prisoners without trial, that it was well known he was connected with the looting of a big building in Dublin, and that his death was richly deserved.

The worker's opinion interested me the most. It came from one of the best craftsmen I have ever met—a man who can mend a pump, roof a house, correct a leak, build a well, repair a machine, make a table, and all with keen eye, deft hand and swift mind. He comes to work as the clock strikes. He never wastes a second. He acts on his own. A handsome, clean-cut, middle-aged man, with a beautifully shaped head, he never spares himself in any health or any weather. He has withering contempt for bad workmanship or sabotage, and in all his dealings he is conscience and reliability personified. As he moves around in his blue jeans, with the decisive gait of a free man, he reminds one of the best type of pioneer in countries of opportunity. He was born a master, and nobody's servant.

THIS man's verdict on O'Higgins, delivered with an invisible black cap on his head, brought home as nothing before the rare possibilities of the Irish mind. This was not one of those weak characters that one brands as uneducated. It was a strong and in many ways noble character. But the man's moral admirableness did not correct his wild imagination. Being a Republican die-hard, he had to believe evil things of Kevin O'Higgins, and out of heaven knows what vague rumors and crazy gossip and malignant nonsense he had created this Bad Man whom certain heroic youths had killed.

Is he illiterate? No. But he lives in a world of his own, a world pre-scientific if not prehistoric. And the devil of this world is the Red-Coat, as he calls the soldier of imperial England. To hear him tell of the hardships that came to young men who were hounded and hunted has an epic sincerity and simplicity in it. But it errs on the side of simplicity. His rich imagination and his generous nature, weaving together the old stories and the new stories, make out of contemporary history a fantastic legend. And yet, to judge him by the work of his hands and the proof of his good head, he ought to be a safe guide to the world he is living in.

This man—let me call him Dan—is the core of the national movement in Ireland. He is a strong man. He has iron resolution. He is the stuff of which Covenanters are made. He was represented by no one so well as by that Catholic Puritan, Kevin O'Higgins. But the difference between Dan and Kevin O'Higgins is the difference of a long process of technical cultivation. The plough, the harrow, the hoe, have made of a brain like O'Higgins' a field not of grass and wild flowers but of long straight drills packed with utility. Not because he is a loose and disorganized



Warfare in the Dublin streets, at Easter, in 1916, as shown by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theater (see page 587) in Sean O'Casey's play, The Plough and the Stars. It is this famous little theater, situated in the heart of the Dublin slums, and its distinguished playwrights and directors, that Mr. Hackett lists among "the big popular impulses that call for mind" which have been "hobbled because an educated class has not existed to carry them on."

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personality, but because he is mediaevally educated, Dan's mind is Ireland's untilled field.

Dan is to be found in the bishop's palace as well as in the Land League cottage. He is a member of the Dail and a member of the trade union. In my opinion, his number is legion. If you divided up public opinion into age classes, you would find that in the class from 5 to 15 years of age, as well as in the class from 15 to 25 years, at least a quarter has no political apparatus in its head whatever, and takes politics as part of an epic legend in which it is more important to be heroic than to be scientific. From 5 to 15, the epic legend is taught in the schools without any corrective of world history. From 15 to 25 it is carried over into various political organizations, including, I suppose, secret societies. The dispossessed of all sorts welcome this legend, whether they are socially, economically or sexually dispossessed.

THE legend has not always the same alcoholic content and vibrancy, but it has an appeal in it in direct relation to the fact that Irish imagination has not been disciplined by modern discipline. By modern discipline I do not mean the discipline of factory and workshop, because American factories and workshops are full of mediaeval minds. The Hearst newspapers and the tabloid newspapers have had their enormous success because they are rife with folk-lore. By "modern discipline" I mean rather the discipline which has slowly and painfully been produced by disinterested scholarship, free philosophy, free art, the obdurate lessons of science, the untwisting of the spirit contorted by egoistic nationalism, rule-of-thumb living, religious fairy tales, and a general atmosphere of fear, hate and suspicion. This discipline used to be summed up in the blessed word emancipation.

The enemy of emancipation, so far as Dan is concerned, is not his own nature. His character is of the very highest. The enemy is his ignorance, his inability to see that he is ignorant and does not have to be ignorant; and with this ignorance his vigorous imagining, his stern intolerance, and his war-mind. He is made, that is to say, for response to any leader who can evoke his loyalty and arouse his combativeness. He still goes on being a wild goose.

Since he is a workingman and must give the busy part of his life to learning something besides the theory of relativity or the history of history, his whole fate depends on the great and intricate processes by which the popular imagination is brought under discipline. These are the processes set in motion by such things as the art of self-government, the press, the church, the university, the artists and the learned professions.

Just before the elections last June deValera wound up an American campaign and returned with ample funds to fight the elections. Exiled Irishmen have always put up their money to help the fight for an Irish republic, and they always will. They will even believe the darkest legends about such men as Kevin O'Higgins, and are fed these legends by men whose business it is to rally and ginger up the "Irish vote."

Now that the English regime is over in Ireland, it becomes startlingly evident how much work the native has to do, and how laborious will be the processes of modern discipline.

First of all, there is the objection of the big Fianna Fail, or Company of Destiny party, led by deValera, to accept the compromise of 1922. This party includes the medievalists, the Celtic reactionaries, the true Republicans, the pure-minded lovers of a Gaelic Ireland, the small-nation enthusiasts, the sincere men who will not take an oath they do not believe in, and the victims of habitual discontent. Before deValera got his funds from America, he made up-hill speeches to apathetic audiences. "You could only have pity for the man," I heard a Republican say of him as late as last November.

But with new funds, a big campaign of advertising, local rallies and a shrewd knowledge of local differences, Fianna Fail has established itself as the biggest single political unit in the country. Its strongest point was its attack on an oath of allegiance which no Irishman wanted to take in the first instance. The weakest point of Fianna Fail was its pretence that the Free State was a wasteful government, that it was the tool of imperialism, and that there would be no problem for deValera in relation to Ulster, the imperial navy, and the English consumer.

The quality of deValera's propaganda was intellectually contemptible. It ascribed a slump in Irish exports to the Cosgrave government, without mentioning the English coal strike, and it laid heavy blame on Cosgrave's party for expenditures which were the direct result of Irregular activity in 1922-23. Meanwhile deValera's right-hand men subscribed to whatever folk-lore suited them, such as that Michael Collins was killed by his own men, or that Michael Collins was compelled by Winston Churchill to attack Rory O'Connor in the Four Courts because Churchill had the proof that Collins was behind the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson. This is the sort of balderdash that circulates in the highest group around deValera. It is worthy of those insiders who could always tell you that Roosevelt was a drunkard and Woodrow Wilson a Don Juan.

It is notable, however, that deValera's party has in it a good proportion of fighting teachers, journalists, young professional men and natural radicals, whereas the safe and sane element, the thick-set bourgeois, the solid and substantial citizen have moved in behind the party in power.

TO understand the leaders of the party in power, one need only read John Bull's Other Island and remember the brilliant diagnosis that Shaw made of Larry Doyle. If you combined Kevin O'Higgins, Ernest Blythe, Hogan, and McGilligan, you would get an Irishman of the Larry Doyle mentality, with the important correction that all of these men except Blythe are Catholics, even ardent Catholics. The whole tone of the Free State government has been that of cool, hard, clear, definite thinking, with a program in regard to giant power, the liquor traffic, agriculture, police, which showed that electric light had been turned on in these men's brains. The same could not be said for the post-office and customs, nor for unemployment and old age pensions, nor for education. Yet few new governments could have invited a public verdict on their accomplishment with more confidence than the Cosgrave government, apart from matters of temper and sentiment.

Working without the approval or help of at least a third of the voters, and forced at the beginning to use a big army to put down a rebellion, they had set out to remedy political evils that England had never even tackled, and they did this with the handicap of a large number of former civil servants, all sorts of supporters who wanted to vest their interests, and an extremely philistine and mean-spirited

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middle class. As they went on with their work, very sure of themselves and sure even of their political machine, able to reduce to powder the numerous dissidents who quit them, and clean-handed as regards patronage and franchises, they showed the effect of the pace at which they had driven themselves by a sharpness of temper and roughness of tongue which was not calculated to make friends or to keep them. No man in a spiked helmet could have been more peremptory than the official who sent out proclamations against dirty eggs. Kevin O'Higgins had no use for women on juries, and said so with rasping provincialism. The red tape of the customs has irritated people in every town.

If the small parties that favored the treaty gained in votes at the expense of the government, it was largely because the Larry Doyles had been so tense, so high-handed, so humorless, so metallic. They were all the kind of brainy men who had been educated under a system of fierce competitive examination, and they undertook the art of government in the same spirit. They could match wits at any moment with a clever devil like Lord Birkenhead, but they could not compare in mellowness with hacks of the old school like Lord Glenavy and Tim Healy, who, in spite of moral edges well rounded by usage, always show a comprehension that human nature is the supreme factor in politics and that leadership can no more be with the experts as such, than can life-force be transmitted by a paid eugenics official.

Sick as the Irish were of political hand-shakers, and ready as they were for the union of brains with politics, they generally agree that the Free State government has not kindled their imagination.

Irish imagination will never be kindled politically, in my opinion, until Ireland is made fit for a free man to live in.

Why do multitudes of young men emigrate at present? Because eggs are dirty? They emigrate because they have health, curiosity, self-reliance, and the will-to-live. They, and the young women who go with them, sing as they leave Ireland. The song will be sweated out of them in many a factory and many a basement, and their hearts will turn to the land they left with a cruel yearning, but it is not the dearth of employment or the dearth of money that drives them from Ireland, so much as the dearth of human interest, mental liberty and aesthetic joy.

It is enough to read the Irish Daily Independent, which has a circulation of over 100,000 copies, to understand why fresh human beings want to leave this stale air. For the well-off middle class which sits down to imbibe the pompous illiteracies of the leading Irish newspaper, the absence of reality is of no great importance. The middle class in Ireland is consecrated to retail business, which provides its own little entertainments. But for the young, the walls are unscalable. Life is dreary. The murder of Kevin O'Higgins was an excitement, not a tragedy, for the majority of these impoverished lives.

IN the past month I went to two *feiseanna,* or Gaelic festivals, which are supposed to supply the youth of the country with inspiration. On my way home from one of them I met an ex-senator and I said to him, "You weren't at the *feis.*"

"I wouldn't be bothered going to it."

"Why not?"

"It's too dull," he said. "Isn't it at Nutsford in England you see the Morris dances? If they had anything like that, I'd go to see it. I've been going to *feiseanna* for years. But what good is it? It is always the same thing. It is absolutely uninteresting. I wouldn't cross that road to go to one."

I was myself coming away before the festival was half over. It was about as interesting as a visit to a consulate, not half as interesting as a workhouse treat, not one-fifth as interesting as a public vegetable market, and not one-tenth as interesting as an auction. People in Ireland will flock to an auction with palpitating eagerness, and an auctioneer who is not a potential rival of Harry Lauder cannot hold his public. His jokes may be raw, and his patter may be old, but he must put his heart into it or go down to destruction.

AT the *feis* all that is necessary is to drone through your nose about national culture from a platform of (empty) beer barrels set in a discouraged green field. A bald man in badly-cut knickerbockers will later dance an intricate jig to the whine of a fiddle, and as his feet patter forlornly on the bare boards of the platform, he clamps his hands rigidly to his sides and assumes an expression of pained endurance. If this is culture, it is for funerals and not festivals. The rows of little girls who sing anemic songs under the glittering eye of their apprehensive teacher twist your heart with their pathos, but what you are observing are their moldering teeth. There are probably not a million sound teeth in all of Ireland. The number of bad teeth in Ireland is a result of pre-natal insufficiency, if you like, but the teeth of living folk are as neglected as the cemeteries. A soft incompetence gives you a disarming, though toothless, smile if you bring up the topic. "I don't like the ould artificial teeth," a handsome woman confessed to me. "They're not near so comfortable as me own were."

The deValera idealists in Ireland stand for one conception of politics, the Larry Doyles for another. The idealists want to supply a heroic life, the Doyles political engineering. So long as youth could be intrigued into taking politics heroically, the Doyles could have no place in the country. But now that the Doyles have the government, something else must be found to make life Dionysiac for the Irish, or emigration will increase. The grim idealists do not promise to make life Dionysiac. DeValera wants even to lower the standard of life, in order to make life more "national." This is the mood of the antique disciplinarian, not the modern disciplinarian, and it cannot succeed, unless Irish youth are to be bottled up inside the Irish language, fed on nothing but pap and propaganda, and terrified out of their instincts. In other words, unless they are to be made as obedient as Fascists.

The contrary tendency is the tendency that Michael Collins personified, and that the Irish must come to in the end. The most inspiring moment I ever felt in Irish life was at a meeting of Sinn Fein in 1922, when the hall was full of narrow-headed, high-cheeked, long-jawed, hollow-eyed delegates, listening to Michael Collins. "What ought we to do with the Freeman's Journal?" he asked.

"Bur-rn them," a couple of delegates exclaimed.

Michael Collins walked to the edge of the platform and he leaned at them, "If that's the kind of freedom you want, I'll have none of it."

Here, at any rate, was an Irishman who was preaching the tolerance of an enemy paper, and preaching it in the teeth of men with whom he had to win favor. He was laying his hand on the stone that blocks the tomb of Ireland.

The truth is, Ireland has not (*Continued on page* 597)

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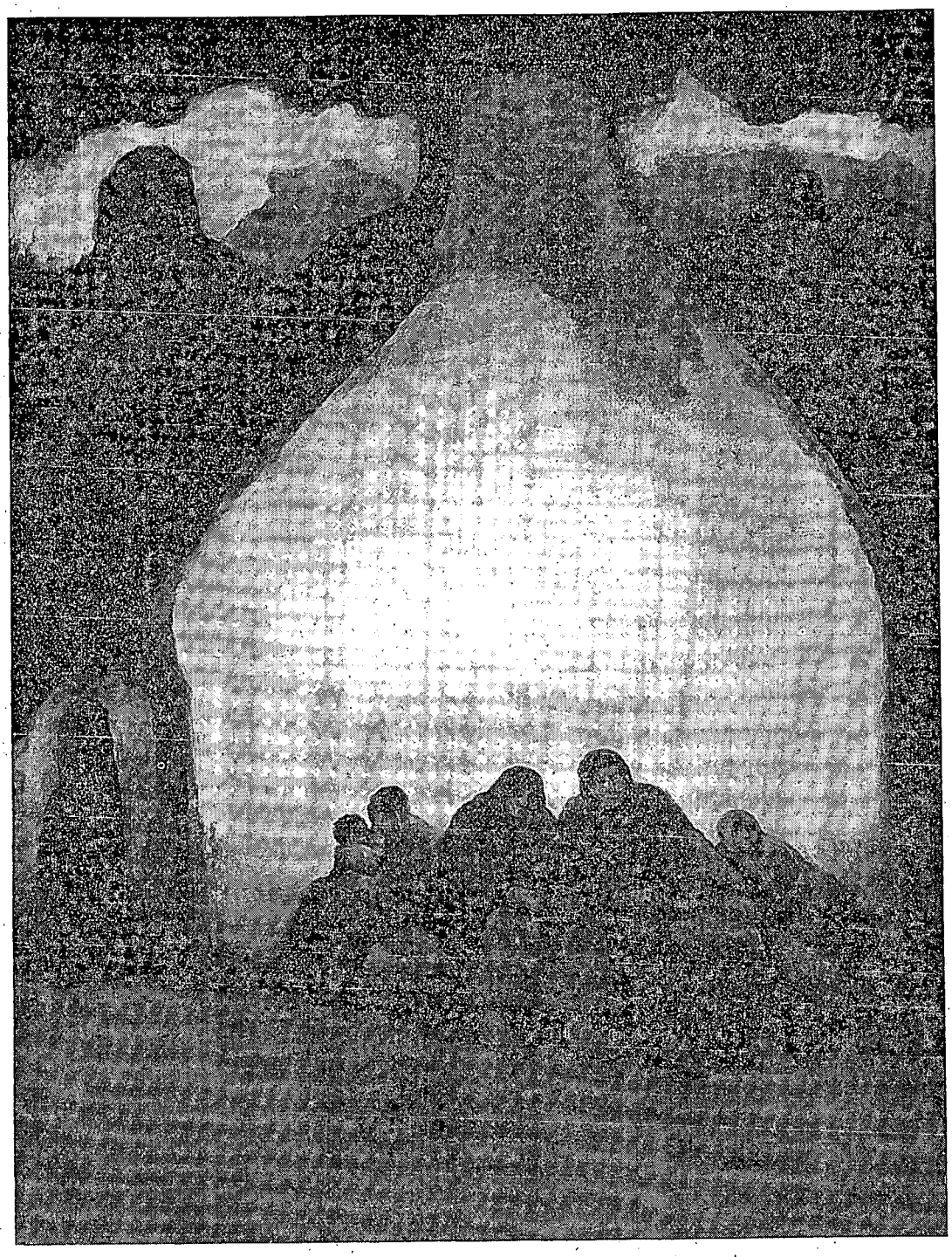

Irish Life on the West Coast

IN these oil paintings by Eugene Higgins, recently shown at the Babcock Galleries in New York, a phase of Ireland known to us mainly through the writings of John M. Synge is portrayed. Here the sea is the main source of livelihood: "the wet is our glory, we are in it all day," said an Irishman of the west.

Eugene Higgins paints in somber tones that give the gray mood of the coast. He has always chosen the outcast and the lowly for subjects of paintings and etchings, probably—for it is his belief that the artist can portray only that which he understands—because his early life in this country and as a student in Paris was spent among the poor. Victor Hugo and Gorky were his reading, Michael Angelo, Meunier and Millet his inspiration. Something of all of these is in his work. Like Millet he paints from memory, preferring the impression (which he sketches) to the details. At first one accepts the sculpturesque figures of these Irish paintings as Higgins' style, for they do not suggest the familiar type. But Synge wrote of the men and women of the Aran Islands, just a few miles away from the Galway scenes shown here: "Seen in their curaghs between these cliffs and the Atlantic, they appear lithe and small, but . . . in an ordinary room, many of them would seem heavily and powerfully made." Higgins' realism, however, has always had a romantic bent.—F. L. K.

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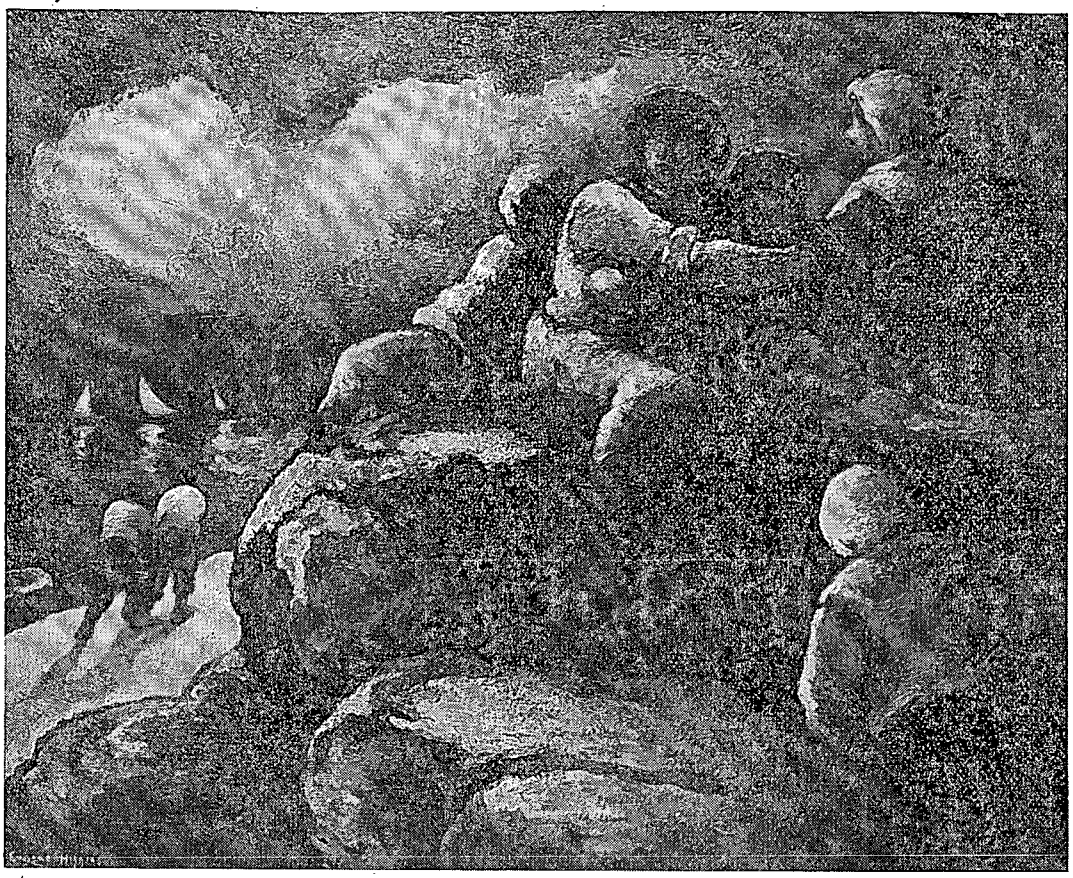
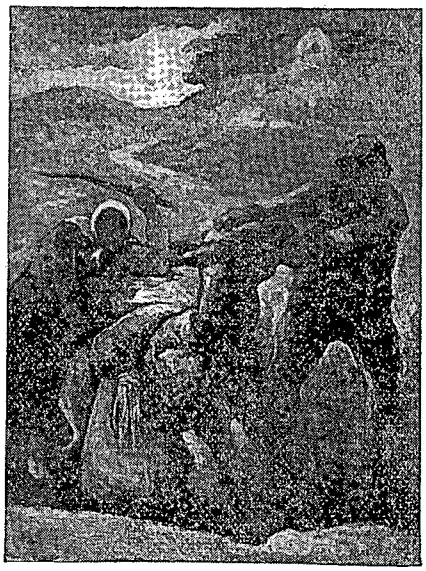


Women of Claddagh Watching for Returning Boats

"Their sons grow up to be banished as soon as they are of age, or to live here in continual danger on the sea"

Opposite: Dusk in Claddagh; left, Galway Fishermen; below, the Trials of the Tinker—with the small donkey which carts men and women and loaded panniers



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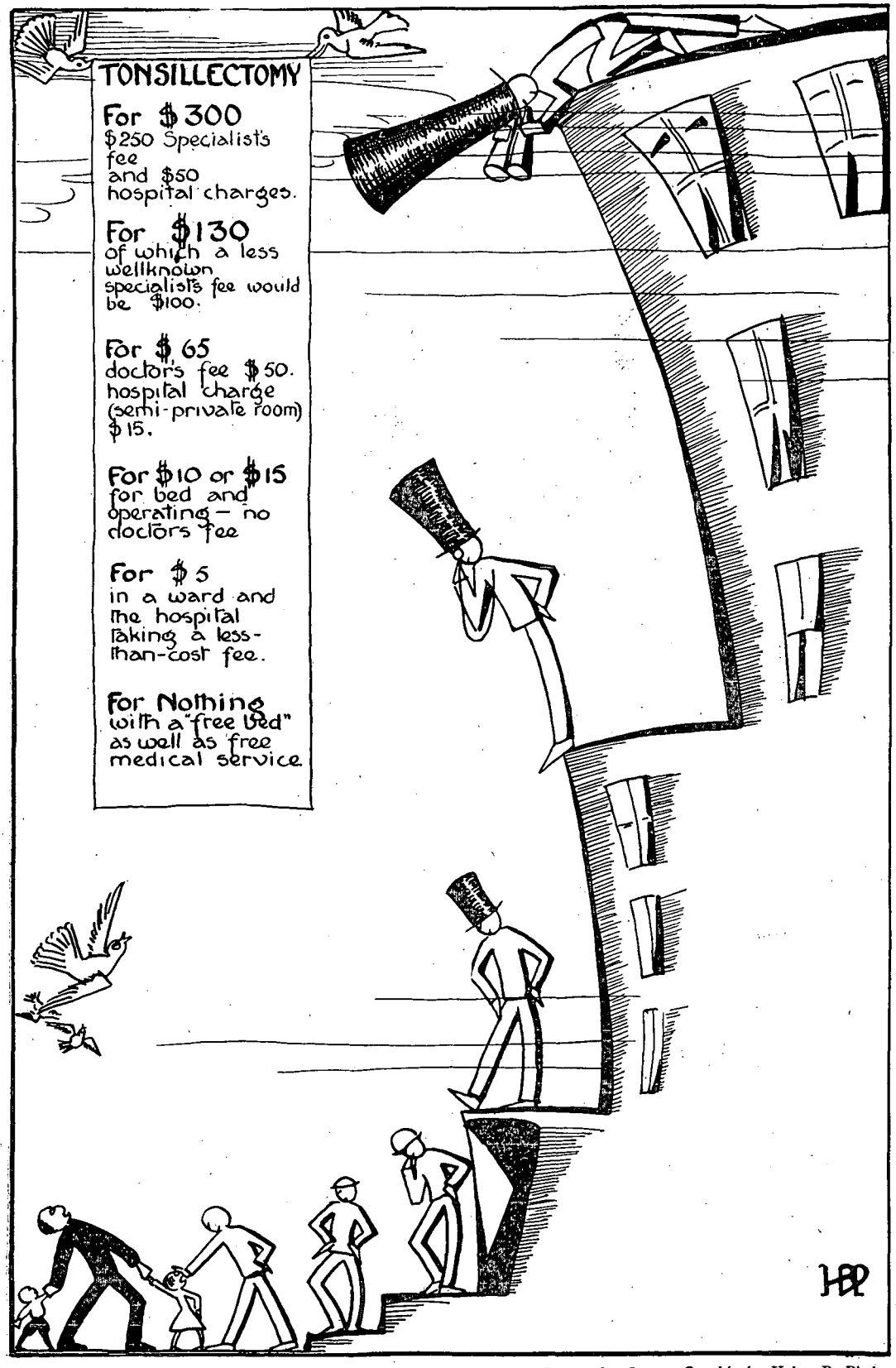
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For $300
$250 Specialist's fee
and $50 hospital charges.
For $130
of which a less wellknown specialist's fee would be $100.
For $65
doctor's fee $50.
hospital charge (semi-private room) $15.
For $10 or $15
for bed and operating — no doctors fee
For $5
in a ward and the hospital taking a less-than-cost fee.
For Nothing
with a "free bed" as well as free medical service
HBP

Drawn for Survey Graphic by Helen B. Phelps

UP AND DOWN THE TONSIL STAIRWAY

On which step would any family you know stand, and why?

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Sickness Bills and the Sliding Scale

By MICHAEL M. DAVIS

A DOCTOR writing in the Atlantic Monthly last December says: "A certain amount of illness will overtake any family. A budget for this will release a family from all fear of that evil day." This idea of budgeting for sickness implies that we can provide against sickness as we do for food, clothing, or other regularly recurring necessities, and furthermore that sickness falls upon most people with comparative evenness year by year. Both of these assumptions are untrue. Yet in the budget carefully prepared by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics in 1919, wherein a proper "American standard of living" was believed to require $2,262 for a family of five, an allowance of $80 was made for the care of health. Reports by minimum wage boards in several states have presented annual budgets for working women in specified industries as a basis for determining wages, including weekly or yearly allowances for the care of sickness. Industrial organizations and labor unions have followed suit. A number of family welfare societies use family budgets with average allowances for illness. In January, 1925, the Visiting Housekeepers' Association in Detroit worked out a budget of $2,152 for a wage-earner's family including $82 for the care of sickness, similar to the federal estimate in 1919. Social workers and others in the admission departments of clinics and hospitals are daily utilizing budgets like these to decide whether a patient can pay for a private doctor, or whether he should be admitted to a ward or clinic where he will receive medical service without charge.

Now whether $60 is allowed for the medical care of a family, or $80, or $97 (as estimated by one of the building trades), is not the point. The problem lies in the uneven distribution of illness. Any allowance is more than adequate if a man or a family happens during any given year to be in the lucky third of the population who escapes with little or no sickness, while the highest allowances are insufficient to pay for the care of a single serious illness, such as a considerable fraction of the people experience annually. For these latter, providing against sickness by a theory of annual allowances means distress and often catastrophe.

America has reacted to the increasing variety and cost of medical and hospital services by adopting the device of the sliding scale—making the punishment fit the purse. If you cannot fit the budget to the sickness bill, fit the sickness bill to the budget. So far has the practice been carried of late years that it might almost be described as a system rather than as an expedient. Ten years ago, Charles W. Eliot said:

> I recall the time when the most skillful surgeons in Boston did not venture to give up general medical practice and rely solely on their surgery, and when specialties in surgery were unknown. The increase in the number of these, and indeed in the public appreciation of specialists, gradually led to a new method of determining fees in a part of the medical profession. Fees increased very much, not only for surgical specialists but for the obstetrician as well. Then the method of charging "what the traffic will bear" came into use. We all know that there are now some large medical establishments which proceed on that rule, taking much pains to determine what the probable or ascertainable income of the patient is. It is not clear to the learned and scientific professions at large that the honor and dignity of the medical profession have been advanced by the use of this method. More and more it is looked upon as a commercial rather than a professional method. Even in commerce or business that maxim is not in good odor. I look forward to the abandonment of that method of charging for medical and surgical services.

Today a man going to a hospital for an operation would probably face a range of financial possibilities like the following:

Hospital accommodations	Probable hospital charges per week, not including extras	Surgeon's probable fee for operation
1. Private room with bath and sitting-room	$125.	$500.+
2. Private room with connecting bath	$ 80.	$250.
3. Private room, plain	$ 56.	$150.
4. Bed in semi-private room (2 patients	$ 31.50	$ 50.
5. Bed in ward at regular ward rate	$ 21.	0
6. Bed in ward	Free	0

We may look at this matter from the standpoint of the patient's choice of what he is able or willing to pay, and also from that of the hospital's or the doctor's decision as to what he should pay. The patient's choice runs up a long but uneven stairway. We straddle the widest and highest step in the stairway when we pass from the ward to private or semi-private service, for in the ward, doctors ordinarily are allowed to receive no fee from the patient. The cost to the private patient, including the doctor's professional fee, will rarely be less than double and will usually be at least three times the cost to the ward patient. The maximum or luxury levels of care would take us into much larger figures.

THE more varied kinds and costs of modern medical service make adjustment of charges more necessary for the private physician also than in earlier periods—and much more difficult. The Kings County Medical Society which studied the cost of medical care as reported by eighty of its members, said:

> Our study clearly indicates a desire among Brooklyn doctors to give their services at a cost that self-supporting patients of small means can afford. It is also clear that as a group they are not conscious of a class of persons in their community whose incomes are sufficient for ordinary living expenses, but insufficient for medical care in severe illness. Somewhat less than half of the doctors said that they were aware of this problem. Some said that there was a decided need to study the question and others thought there was no problem of this sort in Brooklyn. Others assumed that as their patients did not complain of the fees, they found no difficulty in paying them.
>
> The results of the questionnaires seem to show that the doctors of Brooklyn wish to adjust their fees to their patients' means, and that while they desire to take initiative, they have

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no consistent or reliable method of learning their patients' circumstances. Most of them rely upon information from other doctors in a fairly small proportion of their cases. In the majority of cases, they are guided by considerations that happen to come to their attention in a more or less accidental way.

The interviews left the impression that the doctor has a generous attitude toward his patients and a desire to help those of small means through their periods of illness; and that he has many recollections of treatment given free or at much reduced rates. For this reason he is led to believe that the needs of people of moderate means are being met. He feels that he is making a reduction to patients who need it. He does not realize that in many of his cases he does not know whether or not the patient needs it.

As a matter of fact, the Brooklyn doctors reported that fees had been reduced in 48 (16 per cent) of the 299 cases covered by their study.

The hospital has a certain advantage over the private physician in being able to organize a system. It need not depend upon a patient's initiative, or upon a merely casual method of determining what the patient ought to pay. Some hospitals have employed skilled persons to administer the adjustment of rates; others, to quote one sufferer, have in the business office "a person with a face like flint and a disposition like sandpaper." The crude way in which some hospitals do business with patients is one of the frequent and just grounds of complaint against them. The testimony of the skilled persons who have had experience in this phase of hospital administration is unanimous to the effect that what most patients say about their own circumstances is truthful, and that the rates which most patients and families estimate they can afford are likely to be above rather than below their real means. The wide step between ward service and private service is too often bridged by the patient, who takes on heavier obligations than his finances can stand. In the prospectus of the Gotham Hospital, now in process of organization in New York City with the special aim of providing accommodations for persons of moderate means, it is remarked: "Some one has said the sick poor are doubly unfortunate; they are sick and they are poor. But the sick middle class are likewise doubly unfortunate; they are sick and they will be poor when the bills are paid."

The doctor who treats the private patient is likely to bear the brunt of this descent into adversity, for while most hospital bills have to be paid at regular intervals, often in advance, and are likely to be collected by systematic methods, the doctor who sends his bill after the patient has left the hospital may find that he cannot get blood out of a turnip.

Now, suppose we were to try to administer a sliding scale skillfully and scientifically, depending neither wholly upon a kind heart nor chiefly upon a thumbscrew. Obviously, not only the income and the size of the family should be considered, though this is about as far as most sliding scalers go. The cost of caring for the particular illness in question is a big factor also. Ability to pay doesn't depend merely on financial resources, but on resources as compared with the expense of the required service. Mr. Jones with two children and $2,500 a year may pay for a day's hospital care for Jennie in a private room and $50 to the surgeon for the tonsillectomy, and he can easily pay for private care of a sprained ankle, taking two visits to a doctor's office. But if he must have a gall-bladder operation and stay three weeks in hospital, or pay for the diagnosis of an obscure chronic ailment requiring much laboratory work, he will have to choose between shattering either his finances or his self-respect. His problem is not a question of the rate of pay in the hospital per day or per week, or the rate of payment to the doctor for office or home visits, but of the total amount of the bill.

Unfortunately, declares the doctor, it is often difficult and not infrequently impossible to determine what the total bill will be until the illness is over. Of two people with the same disease, one may be sick twice as long as the other or may require more than twice as much of the doctor's time, because of the greater severity of the attack, or the presence of complications, or the temperament of the patient. In accepting a case for diagnosis, how can the doctor tell how much time or consultations or laboratory work will be required till he has himself studied the case?

In surgical operations, the difficulty of advance estimates is less, but even here there are possibilities of complications which render the surgeon cautious about committing himself. Fixing flat rates for operations and for various procedures of diagnosis and treatment has proven practical in some institutions and in industrial work where sufficient numbers of cases are included to render it likely that under-and-over-estimates will balance, and where there is assured financial responsibility so that there are no uncollected bills. But in most private practice neither of these conditions exists and doctors have generally considered the flexibility of the sliding scale to be better for them, psychologically and financially, than the feared rigidity of advance estimates.

Even more complicated than the comparatively objective figuring of the patient's income and responsibilities and the cost of his particular illness, is his whole attitude toward sickness and health which must be reckoned into his "ability to pay." The Thompsons will go without even a minimum of fun, perhaps even without adequate food, to pay to have the dentist straighten Annie's teeth so that her appearance (and incidentally her ability to chew) may not be marred for a life-time, while another family with the same income may feel such expenditure a burden which they most certainly cannot be expected to assume. Shall the dentist or doctor be expected to temper his charges for some people.

"Ability to Pay"

A young couple, both college graduates, had two young children and a salary of $5,000. They bought a modest house, on a mortgage. Careful planners, they had "budgeted" their income and included $250 a year for health—much more than is "allowed" the "average" family in the usual budgets. They had the best pediatric care for their children at a cost of nearly $100 a year, with no serious sickness. They also spent about $35 a year for dental work for themselves, and $10 more for home medicines. The $250 was much more than enough.

Then, within two years, one child had scarlet fever, the mother required a "minor" operation, and the father suffered an attack of influenza-pneumonia. The bills for sickness amounted to $1,250, including service in the home while the mother was in the hospital and a three weeks' canvalescent trip to ensure the father's return to work in full strength. His employers had paid his full salary during two months' absence. The family finances were disrupted and but for the aid of relatives the home would have been lost.

How would you have determined this family's "ability to pay" if you had been the doctor or a social worker on the job?

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while others, with no larger resources but with a keener appreciation of the value of his services, are straining every nerve to buy preventive or corrective service which they feel essential, even though it does not involve an instant matter of life and death? "Ability to pay" depends not only on the arithmetical facts of income and outgo, but also on the whole subtle scale of less tangible values in any family's standards of what makes living worth while.

NOWADAYS many physicians in large cities know little about the circumstances of patients and more and more patients in small communities go to physicians who do not live in their vicinity. It was with these conditions in mind that one patient moaned: "I am willing to trust my doctor with my physical future or with my life, for I know he has been trained and is experienced as a surgeon. But why should I be willing to trust him with the financial future of my family for the next three years, which may be involved in his fee? Who has trained him as a credit man?

Can it be assumed that if the patient does not ask for a reduction of the charge, the doctor is absolved from the responsibility of considering it? The best physicians do not and would not make such an assumption. Indeed, many feel keenly how invidious and disagreeable is the whole task of financial adjustment, because it places the doctor in a position where his pecuniary interest is in conflict with the tradition and desire to render the best professional service of which he is capable. This is one of the real doctor's dilemmas of the present day. It is the middle-class patient's dilemma, too.

Suppose a group of physicians were to discuss in joint session with a committee of lay consumers of medical service? That would be a revealing session for both. But would it lead to any practical result? Possibly not, because the inherent difficulties of sound or scientific adjustment of charges to ability to pay might stump the participants. Would they agree on policies? It is doubtful, for the issues are delicate and the conflicting interests are sharp. And if they did agree as to policy, could they agree as to methods of determining "ability to pay"? Doubtful also. And even if they did, it is impossible for individual physicians in private practice to set up a system of inquiry and investigation of their patient's circumstances. Hospitals can and many hospitals do; but even the best of their systems only diminish, but do not remove, the financial stress upon patients.

SOCIAL workers might reveal how the sliding scale of medical charges really works. They could furnish case studies of financial breakdowns or near-breakdowns among their clients, family, and friends, because of the expense of sickness. It is time that they should show the financial effects of sickness as they have disclosed the burdens of bad housing and long hours of labor—time to reveal the human as well as the statistical factors in "ability to pay" and above all the human results of paying beyond ability.

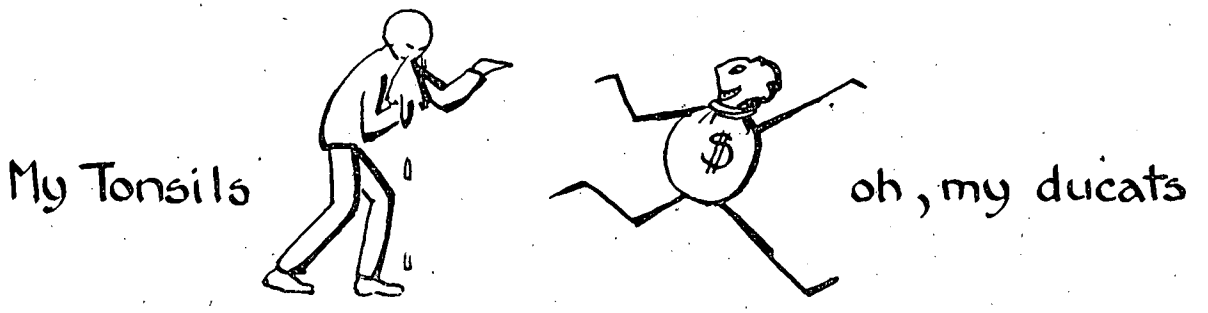
Certainly the recent development of the sliding scale has been a means of tempering the sharp edge of the financial burden of sickness; but should we look forward to its further extension and to its improvement in detail, as the recognized American system of dealing with the financial problem of sickness? Could organized and skillfully managed systems in hospitals and clinics ultimately relieve their staff physicians from the invidious tasks of financial investigation and fee adjustment? Shall we anticipate a time when every American will be inscribed in a currently reviewed card catalog as to his ability to pay medical fees and hospital charges?

The answers to these questions will be determined by the real paying ability of the population. A sliding scale of charges skillfully adjusted, may work well for the physician or surgeon, whose large fees from a wealthy clientele enable him to treat many other patients at moderate rates or without charge. But how about the doctor whose clientele rarely or never touches the luxury level? How much would his income be lowered by a thorough adjustment of charges in proportion to the ability of his clients to pay? So with the hospitals. Only those institutions with a good proportion of wealthy patients, or with heavy endowments, can run without calling largely upon charitable funds to make up the deficit incurred by serving those who cannot pay the cost.

CERTAINLY it is true that in major surgery, in most prolonged illness, and in the diagnosis of obscure cases, the expense at current doctors' and hospitals' rates is so great in proportion to the resources of a large proportion of families that a sliding scale adjusted to their real paying ability would mean much less income to doctors, hospitals and clinics than these now receive from such cases. At present, a financial adjustment is made in some cases which need it. In other instances the "regular" charges are paid, often at the cost of disaster. For others free care is secured even though they could pay something, and in a final group, the disease is neglected.

From the standpoint of the doctor and the hospital the disparity between cost of service and the ability of people to pay it means either scamping service to patients or else an increased proportion of charitable service and uncollected bills. From the standpoint of the patient, it means lack of medical care or care postponed until too late. Adjustment of medical and hospital charges to the circumstances of patients is a palliative which often fails to work. If applied fully and thoroughly, it would disrupt the finances of doctors and hospitals as much as existing conditions disrupt those of many patients. It is not a solution for the serious difficulties of the present situation from the point of view of either physician or patient.

The expedient of the sliding scale should be treated like the old family auto that knocks and stalls on the grades. The doctor who drives and the patient whom he tries to take over the hills do well not to scrap it till they can find a better one. But they have a common interest in working together to get one.



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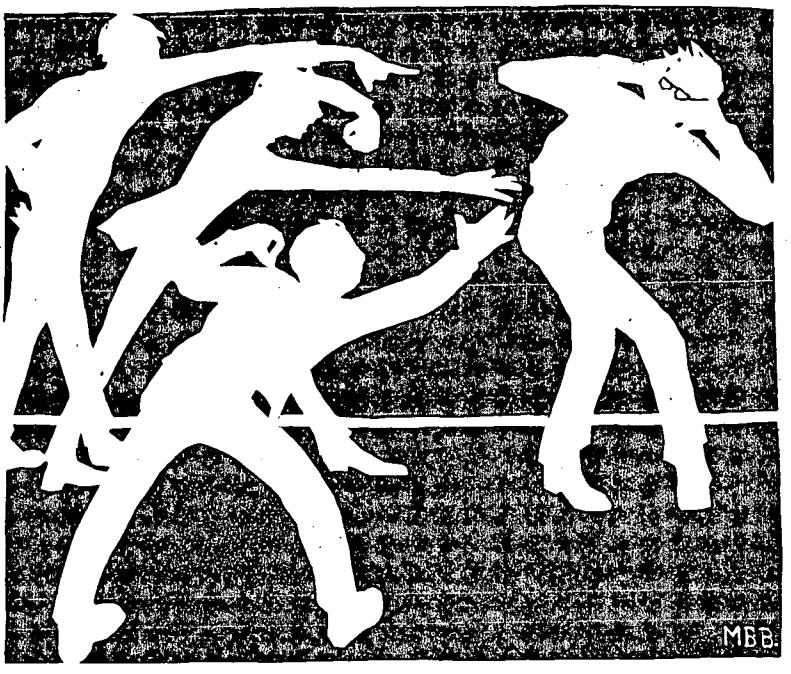
A Quaker Employer on Democracy

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Scissors pictures by Martha Bensley Bruère

The Quakers fought neither to have nor to hold power, but to emancipate men from inherited notions of the right of power, to let in light on the darkness of human understanding.—Mary Agnes Best in Rebel Saints.

I am not advocating any particular method of treating human affairs, but rather such a general frame of mind, such a critical open-minded attitude, as has hitherto been but sparsely developed among those who aspire to be men's guides, whether religious, political, economic, or academic.—James Harvey Robinson in The Mind in the Making.



"The Marxian in me squirms!"

THE war between fundamentalism and modernism is not confined to the realm of theology. It has unsettled men's minds with respect to what were yesterday accepted as impregnable assumptions in politics, economics, education and personal ethics. The common denominator of these cracked idols, in our land of many peoples with many inherited faiths, is democracy. Twenty years ago, our strongest social amalgam was our uncritical faith in the boundless capacity of the common man, in the ultimate wisdom of public opinion, in our constitutional representative assemblies through which the will of the sacred majority was translated into law. Today the appeal to democracy receives about as much consideration as would an appeal to the rod-serpent of Moses. The editor-in-chief of the most influential daily allied with the party of Jefferson calls upon Jesus and St. Francis to witness that there is nothing in their teachings to warrant the superstition that the opinion of fifty-one per cent of the people is nearer the truth than the opinion of forty-nine. The high priest of neoprotestantism wins cheers and an increased circulation when he stigmatizes the public as "not only an ass but also a poltroon and a scoundrel." Democracy joins Pan and the Pentateuch.

On this subject of the *vox populi* I have been a mystical fundamentalist; that is, in a world where many of the greatest questions pass human understanding, I have rested my faith on the divinity in the common man, on the transcendent authority of prevailing public opinion. When in doubt, trust the majority vote. My friend, Morris E. Leeds, the Quaker employer, admires this simple faith in me, but from the point of view of executive responsibility he feels that it has its practical limitations. His experience as the founder and responsible director of a manufacturing business has confirmed for him the conclusions of biologists that special capacities, such as the capacities for initiative and leadership, are attributes of the minority, and that the majority are best served when they are most intelligently led.

When I quote with approval that passage in Watson's Behaviorism in which Watson attempts to show that all men not organically defective are equally endowed at conception and that their differences in degree of ability are not inherent but the result of early education, environment—conditioning—his dissent approaches vehemence. At a liberal estimate, he holds, thirty-three in a hundred have the capacity for initiative and leadership, the remainder have not. Since in his very successful business he is rated AI, it disturbs him to make this assertion with its implication of egotism, especially when I jestingly remind him that in this circular universe the inferiority complex is likely to touch elbows with the Jehovah complex. He agrees that one can never tell in advance who the gifted thirty-three are.

FOR this reason he is not an aristocrat in the traditional English sense. The business of the executive, he believes, is to create a situation in which ability will get its chance and in which every one will have a voice in proportion to capacity; in which, indeed, the group as a whole shall be able to express itself on all matters affecting the group as a whole—with the proviso that the final decision must rest with the executive upon whom responsibility for the solvency of the enterprise rests. He has the Quaker's feeling for the integral worth of each personality—an essentially democratic feeling. But in a time, and more especially in an industry where sound decisions demand highly specialized knowledge, he also feels that the executive who does not keep and exercise the power of decision is guilty of incompetence, sentimentality and cowardice. He rejects the mystical doctrine that the voice of the people is the voice of god in the traditional sense, and he bases his rejection on experience.

And so, having got this major difference out on the table, a difference that embraced our differences in attitude toward the relationship of proprietor and wage-earner, capital and labor, company union and trade union with its extramural

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self-government, we agreed to forego syllogistic debate and explore the facts of that experience together.

Fairly to appraise those facts I needed in such degree as was possible to share the psychical medium through which my friend, the Quaker employer, saw them. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of a trustworthy narrative is the swiftness with which we rationalize "facts" in terms of our fixed prejudices and hallowed convictions. If, for instance, I had relied wholly upon my memory of my first contact with Morris E. Leeds, I should have said that I first met him when, in 1919, at a moment of labor unrest in his factory he retained me as an industrial counsellor to help in the development of the Leeds and Northrup Co-operative Association, or company union; that that association was made up of wage-earners only; and that my main drive had been to enhance their control over the business in conformity with my social-democratic preconception that there can be no economic justice, no civilizing equality of opportunity, until the machinery of production is owned by all who use it.

As appears from the record—for in this case I have practiced what I preach and have kept the full file of our correspondence supplemented by voluminous memoranda—most of this is pure rationalization. My files reveal that I first heard from him through a letter of February 6, 1919, which he wrote as an employer and member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia. At that period of raging post-war emotion, when powerful groups of employers, determined to liquidate what they regarded as the excessive expansion of organized labor, launched a militant open-shop drive against the trade unions under the patriotic banner of the American Plan, some sixty Quaker employers in Philadelphia characteristically formed an association "for the purpose of a serious study of their obligations to their employes in the hope that they might be able to make a helpful contribution on this subject if they employed some one competent to study and report fully to them the various experiments in the direction of industrial democracy which are now in progress in this country." While they had this purpose under consideration, Felix Frankfurter, then chairman of the War Labor Policies Board, made an address in Philadelphia, as a result of which Morris Leeds consulted with him and was referred by him to me. I quote a paragraph from Frankfurter's letter to Morris Leeds because of the light it throws upon the Quaker attitude to war as carried over into the industrial field:

> I hope you saw my delight when you were good enough to ask me after luncheon the other day to suggest to you some one who could bring the results of experiments in industrial cooperation to you and the employers of the Society of Friends. Your letter gives me new satisfaction, for it is only by the spirit which the Friends in England are manifesting—the utilization of knowledge harnessed to social purpose—that we can really have the inner peace in industry and remove those difficulties that are at the heart of the disorders of the world.

KNOWLEDGE harnessed to social purpose, and inner peace in industry a prerequisite to peace in the world! That is an incisive epitome of a supreme problem facing our modern industrial democracies. And it expresses Morris Leeds' fundamental attitude toward the responsibilities of business leadership rather more accurately, I incline to believe, than it does that of American Quakers as a group. They cling to the distinction between "service" and "profits," between business expediency and social purpose. The persistent attempt to harness the economic and the social motives, to integrate them in the midst of all the financial and technical perplexities that inevitably beset the initiation and development of a new business, has been decisive in determining not only the character of the financial and governmental procedure in the Leeds and Northrup organization, *but also* the choice and quality of the product selected for manufacture.

That is an arresting idea which would not have occurred to me had it not so plainly emerged from the record. Do men go into acquisitive business for the purpose of demonstrating the beauty of a moral attitude? That is not the currently prevailing opinion. They are alleged to go into business either because they have struck oil or hit upon some bright invention that promises a fortune, or because they have confidence in their ability, backed by advertising and high-powered salesmanship, to put over almost anything from wooden nutmegs to Everglades real estate at a profit on what it cost them. I suspect that even among Quakers there may be the stray sheep who go in for a quick clean-up in order that they may retire, not to arduous social service but to the rehearsal this side the grave of the gently idle graces of paradise.

BUT their offense is not likely to go unrebuked. The author of Rebel Saints tells the story of an early Quaker sport—using that word in the proper biological sense, she explains, as meaning a spontaneous variant from type—whose jubilant spirit turned to the manufacture of musical instruments, the unsatisfied need of which among the Meeting House Friends was to him enticingly apparent. He was admonished to find something more socially useful to do, so—as might have been expected of a balked musical genius—he turned to the manufacture of beer.

The Leeds and Northrup Company manufactures electrical measuring instruments, and its best seller, an ingenious automatic recorder of temperatures, is Morris Leeds' invention. I have intermittently followed the evolution of that instrument since I first entered the factory in 1919. Its growth since its invention in 1909, in response to the demands of the industries it serves and under the constant nursing of its guardians in the factory, has made it for me a fascinating example of group—I had almost said of democratic—creation. But since it was born out of Morris Leeds' mind early in the history of the business, I had assumed that the business itself had arisen out of its inventor's life-long absorption in the scientific subtleties it embodies and his practical astuteness in foreseeing the demand for temperature-controlling instruments in a time whose prosperity so largely depends upon the use of such instruments, not only in the making of steel and its alloys but also in the efficient cracking of oil. As a matter of fact, it was an incidental by-product of his early Quaker bent or "conditioning" toward the socially useful which was without definite focus when he first entered business. It was only by accident that he did not become a manufacturer of plows. For, after he had discovered that he was not cut out for teaching, plows seemed to him eminently to satisfy the admonition of a revered elder in the Society of Friends that in going into business young men had an obligation to search out an unpreempted and socially useful field.

His reasons for giving up teaching and his manner of finding a business career are elements in the psychical medium through which the facts in the history of the present manufacturing organization must be appraised.

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"I came out of college," he said in comment on my assumption that his invention and therefore his business had grown straight as an oak out of an acorn planted by his elders in his mind during infancy, "with no clear notion of what I wanted to do beyond the vague general feeling that it must be something socially useful. I was in a great state of uncertainty, greatly in envy of the fellows who knew what they wanted to do. At the time the only thing that occurred to me was teaching. I tried that for two years and made a sufficient failure of it to give me great respect for the teaching profession. I discovered from that attempt that it was not easy for me to make groups of people do the things I wanted them to do. In the scientific instrument business I found that you could get your results through the performance of the instruments themselves without having to sway people emotionally. Any good work in the development of the instruments would be appreciated by their users without an emotional appeal and even with indifferent salesmanship."

But that discovery was a matter of years. From teaching, he sought refuge in the established business of a Quaker elder who was a successful manufacturer of plows. That sturdy patriarch told him frankly that he meant to keep the business in his own family, that it were better for him to find an opening where he might forge out an independent career. But he was not ready for that bold adventure. He turned to another Friend, member of the largest scientific instrument-making and importing firm then in the country. "I was assigned," he tells me, "to the unpacking and examining of instruments from England, France and Germany. I was not overworked. I was curious to learn what the instruments were in themselves and what they were made for. I was allowed to spend as much time as I chose reading catalogs and text-books. Many of the instruments were designed for laboratory use, especially in colleges and universities—links between business and teaching. That job aroused my first real interest in instruments. I had found a congenial occupation."

Having found it, he trained for it, as a physician would train for a specialty. For him, business was to be a profession. He obtained leave of absence to study at the University of Berlin because of the high development of the instrument-making art in Germany. He visited factories there and wherever on the Continent the art flourished. He specialized in optics, on instruments for measuring light and sound. That was the line he expected to follow. But chance again intervened, diverting him from optics as another chance had diverted him from plows. When he returned to America, a small concern specializing in electrical measuring instruments in which his employer had invested considerable money, failed. He was asked to salvage it. With his father's help, he bought what remained of the enterprise.

"The result of my haphazard way of getting my education"—how often one hears that from American college graduates!—"and getting it in the wrong direction, was that my technical knowledge was limited along the very lines I have had most occasion to follow."

HE took a partner with the requisite technical knowledge to reorganize and manage the factory while he himself went out on the road. For him salesmanship meant cooperation with teachers and industrial engineers in the development of their techniques and the adaptation of his instruments to their needs. The factory soon became in

"Democracy joins Pan and Pentateuch"

a very real sense a laboratory adjunct to colleges, to the newer metallurgical and the very new electrical industries. The instrument industry began long ago in the experimental laboratories of pioneering research scientists, in universities more particularly. The largest department in the Leeds and Northrup factory today is called the laboratory. The spirit of the plant, the atmosphere in which its production and personnel procedures have developed are essentially those of a laboratory.

In spite of his initial failure, the teacher in Morris E. Leeds has prevailed—the desire to harness knowledge to social purpose. With this difference, as distinguished from the ordinary use of those terms among social reformers, that in a manufacturing enterprise the economic motive cannot be held in contempt as of a lower order than the service motive. A business must be financially successful if human relationships within the plant are to be sound, if wages and interest on investment are to be paid—if it is to survive as a going concern. In both respects this business has been successful; and it has been successful because the same

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experimental and professional attitude has been applied to both its technical and human problems. To succeed, it has had to be an experimental laboratory in the problems of industrial government as well as in those of invention, design and manufacture.

"There," certain of my radical friends will tell me, "you have let the cat out of the bag. What you are talking about is the exceptional case, and if you were not blinded by your naive optimism you would see that in the things that humanistically speaking count most, even this case is not exceptional. Is this plant, for instance, an organized plant? Does its management cooperate with the independent, self-governing trade unions? Do the workers control their jobs? Can't they be fired if the management says so? Do they fix their own wages? Aren't you really giving us a sample of the new scientifically-managed American feudalism?"

The Marxian in me squirms. I hate to give up the heightened pulse beat of the militant soldier in the reserve army of the always "impending" proletarian revolution. The trump of the world-emancipating Day of Judgment, whether prophesied in the Son of Man Goes Forth To War or Workers of the World Unite—both streaming "blood red" banners afar—still has a mighty power over me. But not so mighty as it was before 1914, even before 1918. War as the road to peace, whether in industry or among nations, has lost its glamor, for me as for the Quakers. If science is not to become another tribal totem, a tinsel wrapping for another unreasoning folkway, it would seem wise, as Robinson suggests, to use it to bring enlightened order into human affairs.

When I put my radical question to Morris Leeds, he doubts whether his attitude, his procedure is exceptional. It has grown out of the expediencies of a business which, like many others, has caught the attitude and spirit of science. "I think," he remarks, "that there is more going on that has a tendency in this direction than we realize, and that the spirit of the times is using many of us in ways that she has not troubled fully to explain to us." When I raise these Marxian perplexities, he raises counter-perplexities from the side of the responsible executive. And so as before we turn to the record of experience.

Under his salesmanship and with the cooperation of his factory managing partner, the business grew. He had dreamed of a small factory, employing some thirty or forty men, where the relationships would be those of a family and where the problem of apportioning the rewards of labor in proportion to each person's contribution to the value of the product would be simple; today, his factory and sales forces together number about six hundred. There are men and women in the factory with whom he has never spoken, whose names he has never heard. This is a common experience in modern industry. It makes it difficult to maintain the professional attitude, the family spirit right down the line from president to apprentice. It demands the invention of techniques to take the place of direct personal contact. It ripens the situation either for militaristic regimentation and arbitrary executive control or for experiments toward industrial democracy. Many of the newer industries chose the first, tempered by measures of benevolent paternalism; Morris Leeds chose the second.

But what is industrial democracy? Who has acceptably defined the term? Shall the business be turned over to the wage-workers? Even in highly socialistic Germany, when, after the revolution of 1918, workers of the Liebknecht group took over certain factories, they found they were not prepared to run them and later the Socialists gave up the experiment. Shall the wage-workers have equal power with management in making executive decisions? Even the trade unions decline that. When, after the organization of the Nash Tailoring Company in Cincinnati, Golden Rule Nash suggested a plan of workers' ownership and management, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, probably best equipped of all American trade unions for sharing the responsibilities of management, declined the offer. "I suggest," Morris Leeds interposes, "that it should be the ideal of democracy in industry to insure equality of opportunity; not equality of power or equality of reward, but an equal chance for each to rise to that level of reward and power for which he is qualified."

AH yes, but who shall measure that qualification? I rise to our old debate over the thirty-three and the sixty-six per cent. Then I recall Robinson's admonition to cultivate a critical, open-minded attitude, and return to the record, to Morris Leeds' long-sustained effort experimentally to harness knowledge to social purpose.

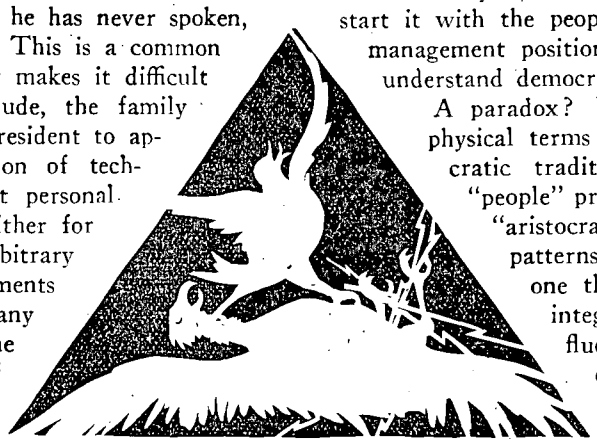
Midway of that effort, he turned to the experience of the English Quakers of whom Frankfurter wrote so enthusiastically.

"My mind was then fixed particularly on the problem of having a right relationship between the management, the ownership, and the people who came next to it"—I quote from the stenographer's record—"and I remember thinking that there was a lack in the whole scheme of English Quaker ideas with which I came in touch. They visualized ownership and they visualized wage-workers; the in-between group, who, if you were going to proceed in the direction of democratic management, were the ones who would logically be the first to be taken into the democracy, they never said anything about. So far as I could gather from discussions and what I read, there were no such people; but of course I knew there were lots of them."

"Such people?" I queried.

"Well, take the plant of Seebohm Rowntree, for instance. I knew about that and heard a lot about him. Through him, I heard a lot about work people; but if there were foremen, plant managers, production superintendents or chief salesmen, I never heard anything about them. My conception of the way to start a democracy in industry was to start it with the people who were most nearly in the management positions and who were most likely to understand democracy and industry."

A paradox? Yes, if one thinks in the metaphysical terms of the eighteenth century democratic tradition, in terms of an insurgent "people" pressing forward against a dominant "aristocracy" along the lines of hunting-age-patterns. Not necessarily paradoxical if one thinks in terms of Mary Follett's integrative unity which, under the influence of the scientific attitude, as expressed in machines—whose behavior is only the specifically conditioned extension of human behavior— (*Continued on p.* 596)



"War has lost its glamour"

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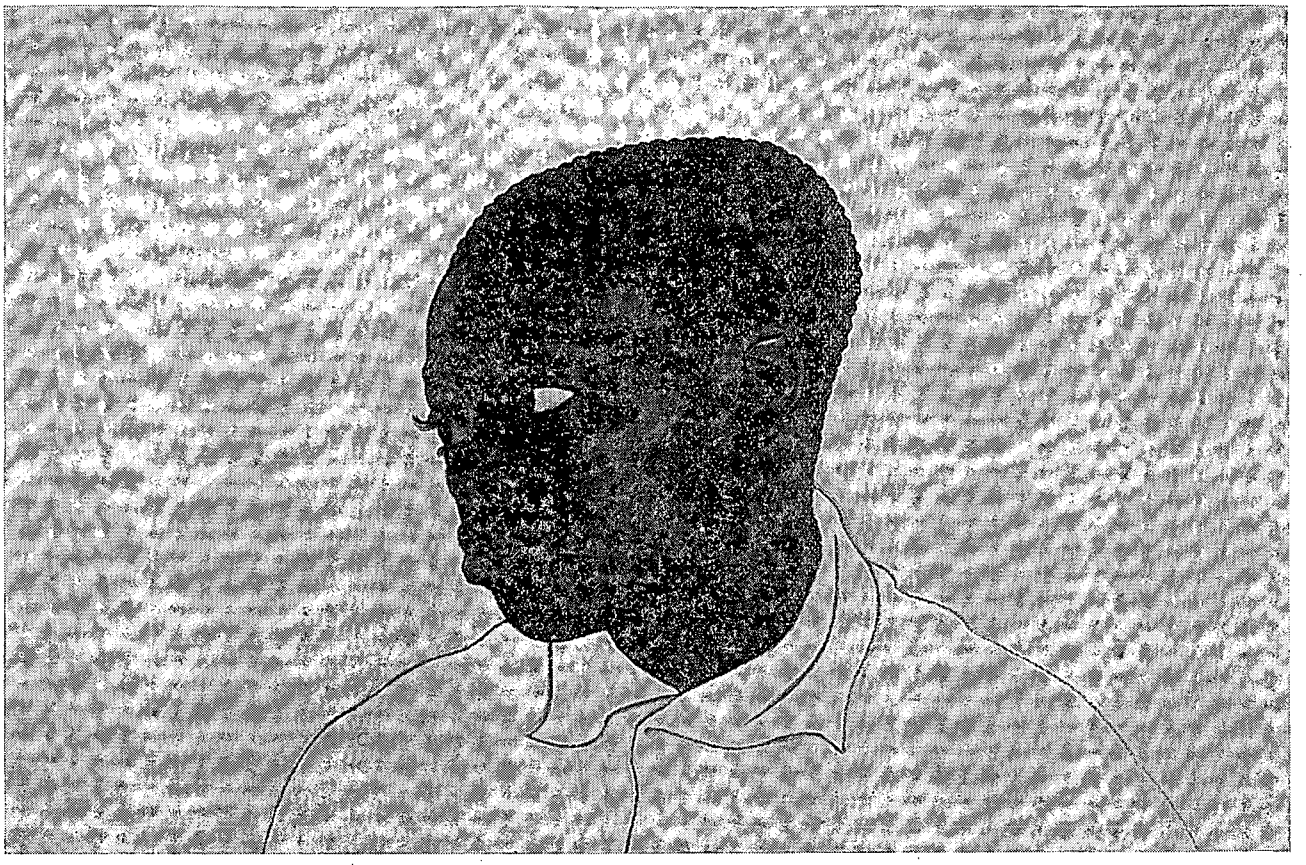

"I Know I Would Like to Read"– (The Refrain of an old Spiritual)

How We Brought Farms to School

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

Crayons from life by Winold Reiss

IT was a bright but cold day, twenty-five Februaries ago, that I first saw Penn School. We had lingered over our breakfast at Frogmore, the plantation house which had been the home of its Founders since those war-time days when school-teaching was first started among the Island people. We had delighted in the comfortable beginning to our day, Josephus appearing first in his overalls to build the fires in the great fireplaces and later in his spotless white coat to bring in hot cakes from the kitchen across the yard. Around eleven o'clock we finally started down the road in an ancient buggy which was drawn by a cream-colored horse with the name of "Pleasant." Surely his lines had fallen in pleasant places for rarely was he forced off the walk, his mistress feeling that the use of a whip was wicked in itself, and a bad object lesson to the people. Rare is the horse who would not take advantage of such kindness!

For forty years and over, a devoted beaten track had been made between Frogmore and Penn School. Along the road we met boys and girls wandering toward the school all neatly dressed, for clothes have had a large part to play in the educational processes of this race who love color and beauty. Best clothes for school and church had been the rule on St. Helena.

We rejoiced in the bright colors of the Island as we drove the three miles to the little rambling schoolhouse that had played so important a part in proving that the field hands, as well as the house slaves, were capable of receiving an education. For most of the Islanders had been the cotton pickers on the large plantations which had raised the famous Sea Island cotton, and seldom had they come in

Liberty and Learning

Here we have the story of the second revolution in a South Carolina countryside associated with Penn, the oldest school for Negroes in the South. In the January Survey Graphic, Miss Cooley told how her predecessors, its founders, beginning under the shadow of the Civil War, had demonstrated that the most backward of the slaves would respond to teaching. In this instalment we have the shift from an academic education, remote from the working life of the people, to a new order, ushered in twenty-five years ago under the inspiration of Hampton Institute. In the next instalment, she will tell of the still more radical innovation of the last ten years which has brought the school to the farms, in ways that are significant to rural education everywhere.

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contact with their owners or with any form of white civilization. The setting of the old plantation life unfolded before us. The dull browns of the old cotton stalks brought into relief the vivid greens of the oaks and the pines. We came to a great meadow of marsh grass, with a little tidal river winding its way through; our sandy road became a white oyster shell causeway for a short distance; and lights and shadows played across the golden browns of the marsh. There was the occasional flash of a Kentucky cardinal and we heard the songs of many mocking birds. Even in February the white wild plum blossoms along the roadside made the chill air seem a contradiction, and brilliant sunshine made me forget the cold until we went into Darrah Hall to which the school bell was summoning the children.

Here we sat and shivered! Never did I feel colder even in the snows of Dutchess County in our New York winters for here it seemed to be concentrated, intensified. About a hundred children faced us as we sat on the platform. The Hall was built to seat a thousand, and empty spaces stretched behind them. Even so, when the group of boys and girls, none of them clad warmly enough to sit in the cold, began to sing, we could forget our own shivering and theirs and listen to the harmonies of,

Gib me dat ole time religion
Gib me dat ole time religion
Gib me dat ole time religion
It is good enough fo' me.

It is good w'en you're in trouble
It is good w'en de doctor gib yo' obuh

and so on, verse after verse till I found it impossible not to join. We all sang ourselves warm that morning.

LATE comers began to drift in and took their seats facing the open door instead of the platform; a simple matter for the benches had no backs. That was the penalty for being late; a rather joyous penalty, I thought, for who would not rather look into the great oak trees than face the rather bleak walls? Before the chapel service was over there were almost as many children sitting backward as forward, and the empty seats between the two groups divided the "sheep" from the "goats." Next we followed the long line of "scholars" as they marched single file from Darrah Hall and scattered themselves among the various rooms of the old school house of the sixties. There had never been any money to spend on plaster, but the rough boards had been painted a charming blue in some of the rooms, a perfect background for dark faces. Spaces painted black served as blackboards; a few old maps; a globe in Miss Murray's room; rough desks made to seat two but often holding four; some book cupboards, and that was all! But no, I've forgotten to speak of the stoves—an iron box stove in one corner of each room—and work began that morning in each room with a general stove-stoking.

While the classes were getting ready for the day's work, which included the usual school motions as well as the fire works, I saw Miss Murray quietly turn back the hands of the little clock so the school should seem to begin at its regular hour of eleven o'clock in the morning instead of the actual opening that cold morning—after twelve. "It makes no difference to the scholars," she said, with her eyes twinkling, and I knew why a little later when I discovered that there were so few clocks in the homes that the sun had to serve the purpose!

Visiting the classes, I was amazed by feats of memory. Pages of history were recited with hardly a word changed; long lines of presidents and dynasties could be given, dates included, without hesitation. The blackboards were covered with examples in cube root and algebra; a group of the most advanced pupils were deep in Latin prose. Later we heard a class recite in physics though the little schoolhouse could boast of no laboratory. In the geography class, they identified the black lines on the map as rivers, but these had nothing to do with the blue and shining tide-rivers some of them had crossed in coming to school.

SOME of the older boys learned something of the printing of books from a small press used to print sheets written by Miss Murray containing the historical facts necessary for those who would try the county examinations every spring and autumn. These printed sheets symbolized for me the old method of education—isolated facts learned not because they fitted into life but because they fitted into the examinations!

The year's work culminated in an annual exhibition. Darrah Hall would be crowded with the parents breathlessly watching the feats performed by their offspring. On one such day the boys and girls in the history class were dressed as the kings and queens they recited about, and to the people and to the pupils it was a spectacle never to be forgotten. To show that they really knew the long line of England's royalty, they were asked to recite backwards and beginning in the middle as well as forward.

As we who had come from Hampton studied the old school and faced its problems—human problems they were—our first one was to adapt the methods we had learned in a large boarding school to a day school. Most training schools for Negroes are boarding schools. Here on the Island was exemplified the task of applying the new leadership to the difficulties, the needs, the opportunities of a community. The whole island was our dormitory; and in time the whole island was to become our school. The children returned to their homes each evening and so connected those homes with the school daily. The mass of children in a thousand countrysides in the South can not go to boarding schools. The rural teacher must be interested in the family as well as in the child and the larger community interests are as important as the class rooms.

OUR first step in reorganizing the work was to get out into the community, and in contrast to the plodding "Pleasant" who so calmly drew the buggy from Frogmore, Miss House and I boldly mounted the school horses (neither one of us ever having ridden before) and that first year began "shlashin' about de Island." "Dat big hawss is a vain ting fo' safety," old Mrs. Juno would often remind us, but we found it the best method of reaching the many homes up and down the oyster shell roads, and beyond them to the grass-grown lanes through which the children traveled. Then came our ponies which carried us over the Island. We learned to know the people and they began to understand us "foreigners" better. When the mother of six Penn School children said, "Yo' aint foot my floor dis year," she expressed a really keen regret; and when another said, "I'm glad to welcome de intelligence ob Penn School dis day" we felt spurred on to get about faster. The ponies began to be noticed.

"Yo' done git dat hawss up where yo' come f'om," declared a man we met on the road. (*Continued on page* 578)

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AN ISLAND MOTHER

who knows the school through teachers, nurse and community workers

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AN ISLAND FATHER

Penn School graduate who is in charge of the school power plant

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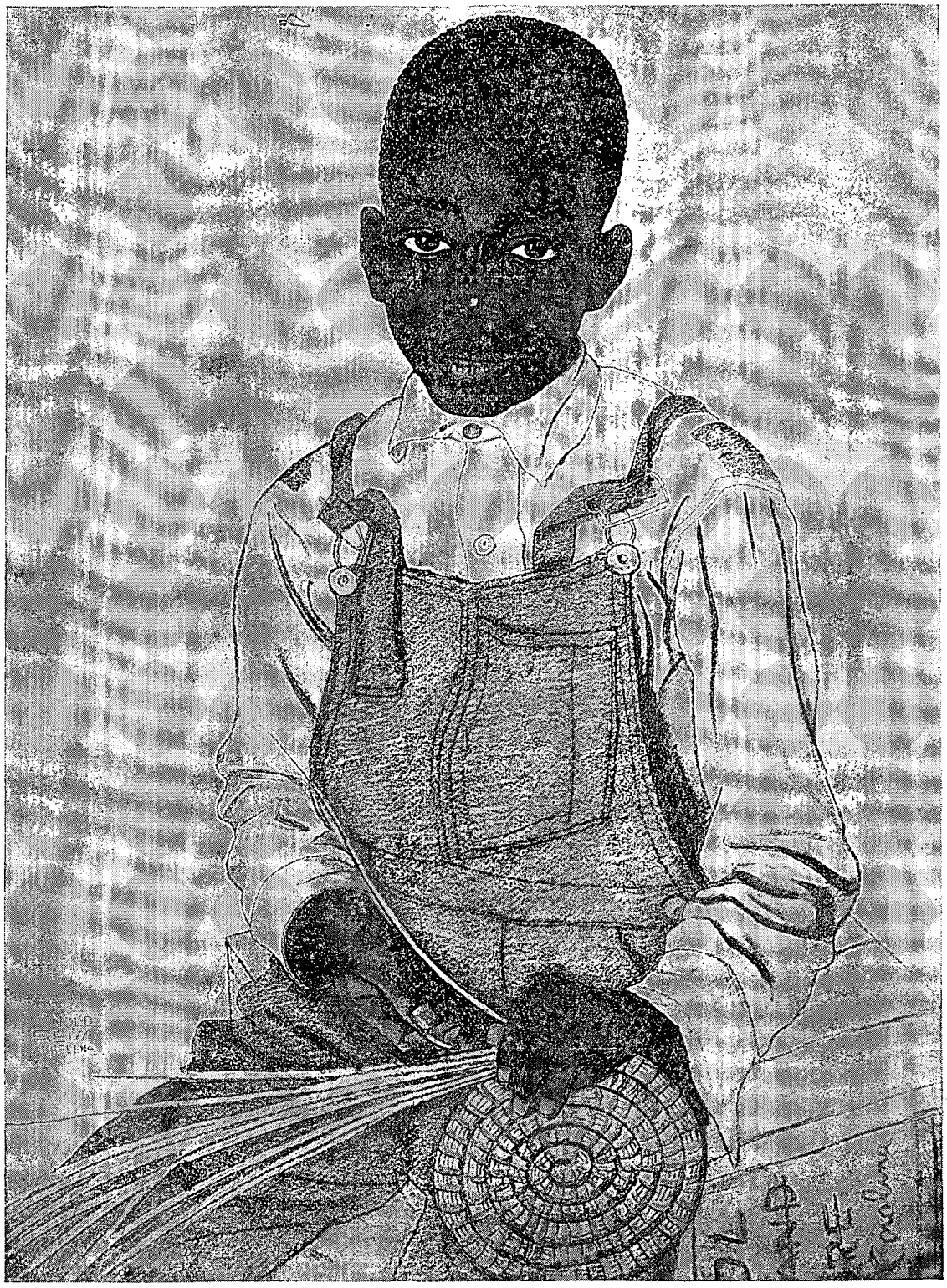

YOUNG BASKET-MAKER

An African craft handed down through four generations

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IN CAP AND GOWN

Member of the Progressive Young Farmers' Club

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"No, indeed," I answered, "we bought this pony at Land's End."

"Yo done mek him grow t'row the mout," he exclaimed. Remembering the rough little creature we had brought in a few months before, we could see how the boys were spreading their lessons in animal industry into the community. These equine community workers really ushered in the school revolution for they showed the trotting Miss Ichabods the conditions on the farms and in the homes and the need for linking them up to the school. That work is now carried on by four regular extension workers of Penn School. Moreover all the class-room teachers are out in the fields for a part of their regular school time.

"Dese teachers are here to lif' our boys and girls upstairs. Too many fall on their way up. Not all reach upstairs, and I am one myself who slip, so now I cyan' 'spress myself as I wish," said one of our young fathers. "Too many fall on their way up!"—that is the problem in all our rural work. In 1904, when our new work on the Island was still measured in months, I risked Ruskin who says, "I have always found that the less we speak of our intentions the more chance there is of our realizing them," and began to publish as widely as possible the new plans for Penn, plans which were to make this school a community center, plans which called for a school farm, for adequate buildings, and trained teachers. Penn School graduates had stood by the school in those early days and had given back to the younger group all that had been given to them. To replace them with teachers with a larger training and outlook was a necessity and the most difficult operation that had to be performed in all the transformation.

THE building of a modern schoolhouse instead of the old one marked the change in more ways than size or newness. Here was our lever in introducing the idea of industrial education. That the new building cost money could be seen by the whole Island, and could be used to teach that education cost money! The little cross roads schools, maintained out of taxation by the county, ran for but four or five months a year. The people had been asked to pay ten cents for their larger chance at Penn when at last the Founders had been compelled to ask their help in supporting the school. When we arrived the fee had been raised to one dollar. It was a principle with Miss Murray that every child should have a free education as his due. It needed time and patience to convince her that the time had come to raise the fee to $5 at one stroke. The people were more easily convinced, though I heard one mother call it a "very expensionate school." A parent would come saying that Ezekiel was "wut de five dollars, but Benola's haid too t'ick," and it looked as if an unfair division of opportunity were coming to the children. Right here we drove in our wedge. That parent would be told that he could pay the one dollar and that Benola could work out the other four. I think the children liked it from the beginning. It was a lot more fun for them to work in a group composed not alone of brothers and sisters; to have the leadership in work of a teacher instead of a parent was a novel change. It soon became the custom for all the children to work out the four dollars. Farm tools and scrubbing brushes for the first time took their proper place beside the books.

Still the children came in their best clothes and it was a common sight to see boys working in their jackets with the sweat pouring off their faces. The fight for overalls and work dresses is not fully won yet; but we can't expect to accomplish everything in one generation. Clothes had been of the texture of freedom. "Come out ob dat fiel'! Yo'll injure yo' shoes!" was a call of distress from more than one parent; and a day school should meet that problem by providing dressing rooms and lockers. They came to school often weary before school tasks could begin, boys and girls walking from one to nine miles, and our day school has had to meet that problem too, and provide trucks, called "chariots," which are sent to certain rallying points to shorten the too-long walks. They take the place of dormitories in a measure and the children continue to be the rural newspapers as they carry the news from school to home every evening.

"HEY! yo better hol' up yo haid an' look at de sun an' tell me whut time he is," explains another of our chief difficulties and one of our first goals. The sun is a poor timekeeper on cloudy days! The shriek of the oyster factory whistle, or that of the cotton gin; the school bells rung at intervals; ebb tide, flood tide, young flood, dayclean, or when "de fust star shine"—all served the community, but time was of small importance as it was so shifting a thing. On rainy days there was no school. On gray days the late pupils far outnumbered the punctual ones. We had turned them about in Darrah Hall so they all faced the platform and some had learned more about time in earning that school fee; but there was always an uncertainty about our finding pupils in their seats in the morning.

When we set out to break the island tradition that country children "had to be tardy," we started the reform with great solemnity. The school was called together just before they set out for home. The unusualness of the time had its effect upon the group who felt the air charged with something momentous. We gave them the figures of the week before. We showed them how much time had been actually lost for a week, and if continued what it meant—for a month, for a year! We made a clear picture of their very crooked road to learning. And then we told them they could be late once a week. I think that seemed like a sort of gift to them! In fact we gave them five days a month, but after that they were to turn themselves out of school if they didn't "catch the line" as it entered Darrah Hall. We wondered that night what would be the outcome; we hoped it would eventually lead to clocks in the homes.

NEXT morning we had a breath-taking experience. All the children came on time except one who crept to the office for her "excuse" and in a week the "excuse line" was reduced from sixty and over, to six! But the test to the principals and teachers came when the children began to forget the solemnity of the first school meeting, and they had to turn back after the long walks, often because their parents had exacted too long a home task before they started.

However, the reform, drastic as it seemed, was the turning point for a whole generation with regard to promptness. The opening of school was gradually moved up from eleven o'clock to ten and finally to nine-thirty. Chapel service also was changed to the noon hour so that workers on the farm could come in with less interruption—a definite step in the adjustment of school to farm.

Raising the fee seemed to give new dignity to the school. The requirement that the pupils (*Continued on page* 599)

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Corncobs for Hair-cuts

How a Modern Farm Woman Gets On by Swap and Dicker

By EVELYN HARRIS

I SUPPOSE I am a modern woman. I have succumbed to the "bob," drive my own car, vote to suit myself, and have the mischief of a time in getting interest and taxes together. Since the death of my husband, three years ago, I have been carrying on the farm myself. My neighbors will bear witness that my crops are above the average, my cost sheet compares favorably with that of any other farmer in the vicinity, and my sales of fruit exceed any in this locality. I am convinced that my best chance to make a living for the five children is where I can have them with me at all times and can teach them something of the business which was their father's and grandfather's.

My problem at this time is to try to discover where my chance for a profit disappeared in 1927 and how to grasp it in 1928. Total sales were equal to one-half of the mortgage. Taxes, insurance and interest took just 25 per cent of total sales, containers and labor each took 20 per cent, fertilizer and spray material 10 per cent. Up-keep on old machines and the purchase of a little more, took the balance of the 100 per cent—and I had absolutely nothing left for a living.

City folks think that country people get their living for nothing. But I know country women who sell all of the milk and use canned milk and imitation butter. The lady on the radio thought it much cheaper for the country woman to use three eggs than for the city woman to use them, but I'll tell her now that in the winter the country woman's eggs cost her around a dollar and a half a dozen—the price that she could get in the city if she were to sell them. We see our fresh vegetables as something which means hard labor for horse and man, much sweat of little children in gathering them, and a season of two months or three at the most, in which to eat them. To have milk means that some man or boy must get up before light, and with freezing fingers coax it from the cow. The cow, by the way, has no regard for an eight-hour day nor a forty-hour week. She runs as steadily as the calendar, and if the boss decided to milk only five days a week, the cities would be howling blue murder.

O. M. Kile, who writes quite feelingly on the subject of farms and their problems, says that "dairying utilizes *unpaid* family labor to a degree that few other lines of farming can. When this kind of labor is not available, the dairyman usually quits, as farm labor is scarce." Sometimes the wife is the unpaid labor. One man was bragging to me about making one thousand dollars last year on his cows. He advised me to get a large herd. But I saw his wife pumping water for those cows to drink; she always went into the barn to help milk, washed the buckets, helped bottle the milk, and the little boy peddled it before school. The farmer made one thousand dollars—but he had not figured feed or help or interest. That was his gross amount.

City folks have such vague ideas about a farm. They seem to imagine that everything you could possibly want is there for the asking. Bless your soul, children need clothes and food here, and although I have enough corn to make a trainload of cornflakes, my profit on that corn crop will not buy enough cornflakes for the children for one year. About forty years ago, a man with $70,000 invested in farms had as good a chance to keep his family in style as did the man with that much money invested in a going livery stable. But the money we have in farms does not give us as good return now as if we had it invested in a filling station. True, we do run a filling station after a fashion, but folks are still praying each night, "*Give* us this day our daily bread!" They don't pray for their gasoline: they still seem willing to pay for it! We have fresh eggs; I cannot swap a dozen eggs for a dozen oranges. We have chickens, yet they do not grow free. The very least on which a hen can be supported is about two dollars a year.

Once a month we need hair-cuts, which we do not raise on the farm. Children need dentists, too. Forty years ago, they did not get them. The Lord sends the snow, but it took my profit on twelve cords of wood to buy each child a very ordinary sled. He sends the ice to us free, but what is ice unless there are skates and ice-cream? My children are very fond of both, and the steel worker belongs to a union, which sets the price on my children's skates and the ice-cream freezer. Somebody around here is responsible for all sorts of entertainments, suppers and Chautauquas, and it knocks the spots out of a five-dollar bill every time I attend one.

A new definition of a pessimist came to me over the radio. "A pessimist is he who turns out the light to see how dark it is." Once in a while a farmer must do just that thing. In 1924, but one young man in this county married and went to live on a farm. He lived there two years and then had to quit. One of my problems is to try to demonstrate that a young man can live on a farm, as I have two young men, one nineteen and one fourteen, and I do so want them to stay here. But most of the boys are leaving to go to the cities.

I HAVE three girls. They need and demand a good time, with those of their kind. The high schools in this county do not boast of many young boys. The town boys are in school, but the farm boys are not. If the girls are to live on the farms, they should have farm boys, of equal education and equal advantages, to live with them. Here in Maryland the modern mother sees with dismay that the farm owners are leaving the farms, taking their children with them, and going into the cities and towns. In their places, are the sons and daughters of farm tenants. Sometimes these children are white, sometimes not. But in most instances, they are of another type, with other standards of living and entirely different customs. For the most part, they are not inclined to take part in the social activities of either clubs or church, and these are dwindling.

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Forty years ago the owners lived on the fifteen farms along our road. Their children sang in the church choir, attended the "institutes," kept alive a going Farmer's Club with a big monthly dinner held at the homes of the members; kept a good social hour weekly in the Grange, and had a good time generally. Now they are gone, and the fine hospitality of the Eastern Shore will be as hard to find as the famous box-wood, which used to frame the paths around the front yard. Most tenants use the front yard for the pigs, anyway, the front porch for a woodshed in the winter-time and a repository for various farming tools in summer. The owner, living in the town or the city (or the graveyard), cannot find enough cash after paying taxes, insurance and interest, to make repairs on the house.

In the midst of all of this you will find a few, like myself, who are trying to work against all sorts of odds. My problems are not the same as those of a woman in the city who finds education and recreation often provided by taxes, and ready for use; who can choose the neighborhood in which she wants to rear her children, and can usually figure on having enough cash to make her payments when they come due.

Now I am not a weeper, nor a sleeper, nor a creeper. I am constantly looking for a chance to prove to myself that farming is a business that can be carried on like any other business. But the advice which is given us, though well-meaning, is of no practical value. Last year the county and state urged every farmer to have his soil tested to find out whether or not it needed lime. I am not sure who paid for all of this surveying. But I took samples, had them tested, and found out it would take five hundred and sixty tons of lime for my fields. I did not buy it, for I did not have the money. Had we purchased the lime and grown more stuff, we would have been in much better shape for bankruptcy than we now are! The lime man would have had a profit, the railroads, and labor, but our surplus corn and wheat and other things would have been here yet to plague the life out of us.

On the one hand, the fertilizer folks, the lime folks, the implement folks, the men who want to lend money for the federal government say, "Make two blades grow where only one grew before," and then the whole lot of them say, "Of course you can do nothing with a surplus. The price you receive will have to be based on a world price." But so long as they can make a profit on anything at all to sell a farmer, they urge him to buy—and pay later.

SOMEHOW, I cannot seem to be able to use the money I make this year for next year's crop. It must always go for last year's crop, with an interesting lot of interest following. I am not alone in this. Most farm work is done just that way. I am always hoping for a crop and a price *the same year*. Now, in 1925, I had a dandy price for my pears, but very few pears. In 1926, I had a dandy crop of pears, but a very small price. I cannot figure out whether I am hopefully hopeless, or hopelessly hopeful, but along in January each year, I begin to recover from my December depression, caused by fixing up my Orphan's Court statement of cash received and cash expended, and begin to plan again for good crops. Right at this time, I feel like borrowing enough money to cover each orchard with high-priced fertilizer, intensive cultivation, and a cover crop. If I could get the credit, I'd purchase another sprayer and pipe water away out to the far orchard, so as to save time in the spraying. I feel just like going to the city and buying about one thousand tons of manure, and I want to plow up sod and plant fifty acres more corn, although I know very well that I lost money on my corn last year, and if I should have the crop which I hope to get when I plant it, so would the fellow next door, and the price would be lower than ever. A person can have only a certain number of disappointments; after that they cease to be disappointments, and he does not feel them. That explains farmers, better than anything else I can think of. It also explains their apparent willingness to get along without money.

In the beginning of my story, I told of spending 100 per cent of my gross income, and did not mention living at all. That is one of my problems. For two years, it was taken care of by the death of a relative and frequent contributions of old clothing which were washed, ironed and made over for myself and the children. There seems to be no one about to die in the family this year, so I shall have to write magazine articles to make up for that, and I fear the stock of old clothing is greatly depleted. But of course, I am hoping that I shall grow more and better pears, more and better corn, more and better tomatoes, more and better wheat, more and better eggs and chicks, more and better hogs and hay.

YOU can see that I have faithfully followed out another of the pet schemes of the would-be farm advisers, and have a good crop of "diversifycation" growing here. And while it looks allright for the newspapers to preach it and the advertisers to preach it, yet that is the most expensive crop we can grow. When every other business is advised to concentrate on one or two things so as to make production costs low, does it not seem foolish to preach another doctrine to farm folk? But the newspapers tell us to do it—and the folks in the country just swear by their newspapers. One of my neighbors, much to his surprise, read of his own death in the morning paper. He at once called up his best friend and said, "Say, Jim, did you read of my death in this morning's paper?"

"Sure," said Jim, "where are you calling from?"

A farm has to specialize some, and it cannot right-about-face when market conditions change. A pants factory is not prepared to turn over and make parasols if the market on pants becomes glutted. It is foolish to tell an orchardist that he must pull out his apple trees because there are too many growing, for he cannot turn his sprayer into a reaper if he should plant wheat, and thus put the wheat farmer out of business, nor can he use his picking bags and ladders in producing eggs and milk. Neither can a man who has studied fruit for years turn easily into a grain grower.

A farmer has to be born a farmer. He just has to have an ear for the music which is to be found in the lowing of cows, an eye for the beauties to be found in the blossom of a potato or a tomato plant; and a heart strong enough to stand the prosperity of a crop and a low price the same year. But here is Mr. Virgil Jordan saying in the Forum, "Farming does not pay as a business, is not a success as an industry, and is unprofitable as an investment." Then he adds, "Farming has never been and cannot be more than a home and a job . . . a way of living and a noble occupation. . . . The only solution of the farm problem is not to devise ways by which the farmer can get more money, but to free him from the bonds of artificial debt and desire which have made him want it at all."

He is partly right. I find my desire for money, as such,

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is rapidly dwindling. I want a fair exchange for labor. When I have a bill due, I look around the farm for a while to see if it is possible to "swap" something I have for something I need (not want). I must purchase hair-cuts, six of them about every three weeks. The retail price on hair-cuts (I buy them by the dozen) is thirty-five cents here. I heard the wife of the barber say she wanted some corncobs to help her morning exercises in the old family kitchen. So I proposed that we exchange two wagon-loads of corncobs for one dozen hair-cuts. My proposition was accepted.

CHILDREN with no father need good reading material. All of my magazines "expire" in the cold of the winter, and at a time when everything is going out and nothing coming in. I looked around for something to trade. We had splendid apples down in the cellar, real old-fashioned Maryland apples. I wrote the editors of five magazines regarding a trade, and so far four have accepted. I hope to serve them next year also. Taxes—three months overdue and interest to pay on them. What did the state need, which I had? Locust posts and gravel I found I could exchange for taxes, and so it was done.

To pay for the needed implements in these days, the farmer must have enough dollars to pay for union labor in the manufacture, sale and transportation of those implements. The only way in which he can get more dollars to pay for replacing these implements, is to receive more for his crop. With one or two exceptions, prices are lower than they were before the War, on crops grown in the United States, but production costs are still climbing up a ladder now ten years long. The first statement quoted from Mr. Jordan would seem to stamp him as a farmer, or the president of a bank in a rural community. The second might be paraphrased by using instead of the word farmer, the word teacher, or preacher or merchant, for those fellows have a home and a job—a way of living and a noble occupation, just like a farmer, except that the home is usually up-to-date in improvements and the salary of the job has been increased to enable his wife to buy a semi-annual pair of silk hose, a monthly ticket for a show, the current magazines, and an occasional vacation in the family flivver.

THERE was a debate by radio on the subject of "The two-job wife." Neither of the contestants was really qualified to talk on the subject. The first was a man and the second an unmarried woman. But volumes could have been spoken on this subject by the farm woman. Her side of the yarn is so seldom heard, or read. So-called farm magazines publish thousands of words about successful men on the farms and the money they make, but unless something is said about the women and unless the photo illustrating the story contains the likeness of the wife as well as the husband, I pass it by. City news-gatherers and city editors, as a rule, can see masculine success only, for that is the way in which most men are made in the cities—self-made, as it were. The city news-writer, interviewing the successful city business man, never thinks of the man as the husband of some woman. He sees him as the employer of some or many, as the case may be, so naturally, when he interviews the farmer, he never thinks of the man as only half of the business. And the other half, busy with the children and the dinner and the chickens, is not interviewed at all.

One of the leading southern farm magazines, carried a long story of the marvelous success of a certain farmer of my acquaintance, written up in good style and carrying a message to other farmers that there was a chance for them also to make good on high production costs and low selling prices. The photo showed a man with a comfortable waistline and more weight than a hard worker could carry around with him. No photo was shown of his wife—the story told was all men—men—men.

I happen to know the farmer of that story. He gets his children up from their warm beds at 4 A. M., winter and summer, and they milk and work in the fields until 8.45. They hustle into the house, grab a little lunch, hop a ride if they can to school, and stay there resting (?) until time for dismissal. School over, they hurry home. They cannot play basket-ball or baseball: they cannot "hike" with the Boy Scouts—they are not allowed to join them; they work in the field until sundown, which is about 7.30, then they come in and milk before they eat their supper and go to bed. With all of this, there is a constant nagging and cussing going on. This man is held up as a hard-working farmer, but the work is done by his wife and children. It is done on a sixteen-hour day. The mortgage will be paid off, but before that is accomplished he will be singing the popular song, "I've got to get myself some one to love," for he will not be able to hire that quality of work at any price at all; he will have to marry it and raise another family of children.

THE general run of magazine articles is just as untrue and as unfair as is this story. The tabloids would turn inside out over a story of a wife who crawled out of bed at 4 A. M. to prepare breakfast for four little boys who were working in the stable, on tiny, three-legged milk stools. The Audubon society looks out for birds, the S.P.C.A. takes care of cats and dogs, but a man is allowed to treat his wife and children as he wants to—on a farm. I know of land-owners, living in the city, who look around to find the men with the largest families to till their farms for them. A college professor told me one day, in speaking of our families, that my children are an asset to me: his were liabilities. Why the difference? He lived in a town, I lived on a farm, his only explanation. Yet the state and the government together pay him enough to grow a family of liabilities while my assets are picking wild blackberries, or cultivated ones, getting full of poison oak and "chigger," to help pay the taxes which pay his salary.

The mother on a farm has identically the same problems as the mother in the city, plus the farm duties of a woman, which have not changed since the days of long ago, except that we do not spin nor weave our cloth. But we dye and press, boil our hams, make and bake our rolls in a stove burning wood. We heat the water for baths in a tea-kettle, do our own canning and preserving. Many times we churn our own butter, pick our own chickens. To provide amusements for the children, we make our own candy and ice cream and cake. We make our own soap and do without face creams, powder and rouge.

Except for these minor things, the farm woman and the city woman "are sisters under their skins."

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EDITORIALS

THEY picture him as an engaging boy—an honor student in a large city high school, a leader in church and club, a "star" in his college entrance examinations. Then, suddenly, they say, there was "a mental change." The lad who had been "of a religious turn of mind, of exemplary morals, and studious" became restless and morose. He left home for a year of wandering, of unsatisfying jobs, of the crimes of forgery, in which he was detected, theft, banditry and murder, with which he "got away." Finally this youth, remembered by his high school principal and teachers as "a very bright boy, a good student and very popular," confesses to the hideous killing of a little girl he had kidnapped for ransom. Young Hickman's legal rights are being scrupulously respected. The boy will "pay the penalty of his crime," the Los Angeles County authorities promise grimly, but the punishment is to be "as prescribed by law." Perhaps a more civilized society would be concerned with finding out about Edward Hickman rather than with punishing him. It might ask physicians, psychologists, sociologists, educators, to study the boy himself, his ancestry, his mother, who once was a patient in a state hospital, his father who has "disowned" him, his three brothers, his school, his friends, his church—as far as possible, all the factors that influenced his growth. This would not be done to insure the "punishment" or the "defense" of Edward Hickman. It would not be done for Edward Hickman at all. But from this likable young high-school boy, who became in a year the "fiend" of the nation's headlines, a civilized society might gain further insight into the dangerous and inevitable adventure of growing up and, through this clearer understanding, help for other eager youths and for the adults whose hopes are centered in them.

TO UNDERSTAND a criminal is the first step in treating him safely and humanely. In his message to the New York Legislature, Governor Smith again recommends studying the feasibility of using a board of experts in mental and physical diagnosis to fix penalties individually, once the question of guilt has been determined in court. Massachusetts has a series of enlightened laws which require the psychiatric study of certain classes of prisoners, and the examination *before trial* by experts of the state department of mental diseases of certain others, including all persons indicted for capital offenses. This disinterested report becomes evidence in the case, available alike to court, prosecution and defense. Several years ago Massachusetts confronted a situation which suggests that of young Hickman, in the case of a brilliant young physician who murdered his brother-in-law without apparent motive, asserting that God had directed him. Under the routine application of the law, four examining psychiatrists reported that he was suffering from an obscure mental disease which did not affect his intellectual faculties and might not become obvious for years. Upon hearing this, the district attorney declared that it was not the duty of his office to get convictions but to lay the facts before judge and jury, and that in view of this report he would not oppose a verdict of insanity if directed by the court. The psychiatrists testified, a verdict of "not guilty by reason of insanity" was quickly returned, and in less than half a day the man was committed for life to the state hospital for the criminal insane. Thus at a saving of tens of thousands of dollars, without cruel publicity, or the demoralizing spectacle of paid alienists combating each other's allegations, the ends of public safety, justice and humanity were quickly served.

OUT of the fury and fireworks of the Woman's Party campaign for "equal rights" and the long fight of the trade unions, women's clubs and similar groups for protective legislation for women in industry, there emerged more than a year ago a demand for a non-partisan study of "the effects of special legislation on the employment of women" (see The Survey, June 15, 1926, page 366). In the early stages of the investigation, the Woman's Party condemned the undertaking as biased and unfair. The collection and tabulation of data by the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor has, however, gone steadily forward. In her annual report Mary Anderson, the director, submits a preliminary statement of the findings. The study, covering eight states, gave special attention to "five manufacturing industries which are typical of the different conditions of women's employment—boots and shoes, hosiery, electrical apparatus and supplies, paper boxes and clothing." The conclusions, as summarized by Miss Anderson, promise little aid and comfort to the opponents of protective legislation for women in industry:

> The regulatory laws as applied to the great bulk of women wage-earners . . . do not handicap women but serve to . . . establish the accepted standards of modern efficient industrial management. . . .
>
> Laws prohibiting night work for women in industry seem generally to be merely a reflection of the usual attitude of employers regarding such work, but occasionally they result in a limitation of women's employment. . . .

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The laws that prohibit women's employment in certain occupations have been found in a number of instances to be an unnecessary restriction.

The most satisfactory future policy for legislation affecting women probably will be a more careful adjustment of laws to the requirements of certain occupations, a more specific stipulation of the type of worker covered by the law, and a replacement of prohibition by regulation except for such occupations as are shown to be more hazardous for women than for men.

THE new Ford with its fifty-five miles an hour has caused one pedestrian to jump for his life before ever it reached the road. The new high speed, the new low price, the inevitable regiments of new drivers seem to the commissioner of health of New York State a new menace, to be measured in death-rates. In nine months there have been 1,666 deaths and 61,000 injuries in the state—six lives lost and 225 persons injured every day—more than the total due to typhoid fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, measles, and diphtheria. The time has come, Dr. Nicoll says in effect, when health officers must blow a traffic cop's whistle. Drivers' licenses must not be issued to sick men—even some epileptics have them now. And automobilists must stop speeding, or an angry legislature will place on every car a mechanical governor to fix a top speed of twenty miles an hour. True enough. But if Dr. Nicoll has ever driven in heavy traffic he must know there are times and places where twenty miles is a reckless speed. A mere maximum is not enough. Nor will there be even a reasonable degree of safety until all traffic is regulated on city streets, afoot as well as on wheels. Ball-playing youngsters must be kept from traffic streets as cars are barred from play streets. Darting women must be restrained from thrusting their perambulators in front of moving cars in greedy haste to save one minute at the price, perhaps, of one child and the nervous wrecking of well-intentioned drivers—such as editors. Dr. Nicoll will have to go on adding up deaths and injuries in his official tables until he, or someone, puts New York in line with more advanced states, which give a ticket to any pedestrian who goes on red or stops in mid-street on green.

IN the Chicago Tribune of December 1, in an interview discussing the sudden announcement of his appointment as the health commissioner, Dr. Arnold Kegel was reported as saying: "For the present my purpose will be to keep the Health Department up to its present high standard. There will be no immediate changes in personnel, although if the mayor wishes to have any of his friends placed in the department, I shall try to cooperate. Thus far, however, he has offered no advice as to what I should do, and I take it that he is going to give me free rein to do as I like." Hence the friends of public health in Chicago may take as they please the announcement that on December 24 the assistant health commissioner and executive secretary of the department, Dr. John C. Geiger, received a year's leave of absence, and a day or two later Dr. Isadore S. Falk, director of surveys in the department, turned in his resignation at the commissioner's request. Dr. Geiger, who says his withdrawal is permanent, was formerly an epidemiologist of the U. S. Public Health Service and is a professional lecturer in public health administration at the University of Chicago. Dr. Falk is associate professor of bacteriology at the same institution. Moreover, the end is not yet. On the last day of 1927, Dr. Kegel announced the suspension of Arthur E. Gorman, Chicago's chief sanitary engineer, who, incidentally, is not an employe of the Health Department, but of the Department of Public Works. Mr. Gorman came to Chicago four years ago from the federal health service and during his service Chicago's disastrous typhoid-rate has been all but obliterated. Last June the American Waterworks Association gave him their medal for the most distinguished professional accomplishment during the year. No charges have been made public. It is understood that southside Chicago had been complaining to the Health Department of the taste of chlorine in its drinking water, following a recent southeast storm which had blown the wastes from the Calumet River close to the Chicago intakes and necessitated extra precaution to protect the water supply from contamination. From all present information it appears that Mr. Gorman has been penalized amazingly for doing his clear and inalterable duty.

THE Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Room 1027, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, is broadcasting an appeal for "nearly half a million miners and their families . . . most of whom have been without work or pay for eight months or more." Suffering is intense. Babies, says the appeal, have not tasted milk since spring. Children are without shoes and stockings. Evicted families, housed now in improvised barracks, are on starvation rations and short of fuel. Industrial warfare has brought more than a million of our fellow-citizens a calamity which, had it resulted from war, from earthquake, fire or flood, would mobilize the Red Cross, thousands of relief workers and millions in food, clothing and money. This immediate tragedy at our doors makes all attempts to allocate responsibility for the disastrous condition of the richest bituminous coal fields in the world untimely and inhuman. Whatever one may think of the ineptness of the present leadership of the United Mine Workers union, of the managerial incompetence of the owners, of the inertia and callousness of state and federal officials, the stark fact is that men, women and children, innocent victims of industrial warfare, are hungry, cold, inhumanly wretched. If as a people we have shown ourselves incapable of bringing order, efficient production and stable employment to the industry which is preeminently our basic industry, it should not be said of us that because of warring partisanship we refuse to extend the barest necessaries to women and children who are paying the grim penalty of our national failure. The appeal of the Emergency Committee bears seventy names, among them those of Susan Brandeis, Mary Dreier, John Lovejoy Elliott, Homer Folks, Dr. A. L. Goldwater, Paul U. Kellogg, Wesley C. Mitchell, Bertha Poole Weyl and Lillian D. Wald—names which guarantee that money and supplies will be used for purposes in which all persons of good will must want to share.

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Through Neighbors' Doorways

A Department Devoted to Affairs Called "Foreign"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

APPOINTMENT of Henry L. Stimson of New York to be governor-general of the Philippines, succeeding the late General Leonard Wood, may mark the beginning of a new—whether or not final—phase of our more or less erratic relations with that territory and its peoples on the far edge of the Pacific. It comes at an opportune moment, and off-hand it looks like a propitious event, for reasons similar to those giving that character to the advent of Dwight W. Morrow in Mexico. The only serious compunctions arise out of the fact that Mr. Stimson is more than sixty years old, and the Philippine climate and physical conditions—to say nothing of arduous trials and exactions inherent in the nature of the task—are not over-salubrious toward elderly persons unaccustomed to them. Even at the best of it, the time-probability suggests a regrettably slender and diminishing margin for the institution and direction of policy. Mr. Stimson has many qualities of head and heart to fit him for this most difficult job; from every possible angle of approach may well arise prayers that his physical resources may prove adequate. Also and particularly that the successor of President Coolidge, whoever he may be and whatever his political faith, shall not interfere for any merely partisan reason in a situation whose difficulties its history has made already more than sufficiently intricate and baffling.

FROM the beginning of our relations with the Philippines, they have been bedevilled by political hypocrisy, confusion of counsel, uncertainty of purpose, and too frequent changes of personality at the top; these things interwoven with the abiding belief on the part of the Filipinos that the real heart of the American people, if it could express itself, would be in sympathy with their aspirations toward liberty and self-government. When Dewey in May, 1898, smashed the Spanish power in the archipelago, they took it for granted that the Americans were the heaven-sent instruments of liberation from a tyranny which had ridden them for three centuries. With astonishment and dismay they received General Merritt's refusal to permit them to take possession of the city of Manila after they had defeated the Spanish troops. When by payment to Spain of $20,000,000 we took title in fee, so to speak, and came into possession of a sovereignty which Spain had held by force since Magellan discovered the islands in 1521, it was really as much in sorrow as in anger that the Filipinos turned upon our troops, and fought them with a ferocity and sustained spirit greater than they ever had exhibited in their insurrections against Spain. But during all those three years from 1898 to 1901 they were buoyed by the hope that the Republican Party would be overthrown and their independence granted in accordance with what they believed to be both the Democratic intention and the real desire of the American people.

It is no figure of speech that the Filipino hope of independence has risen and ebbed with the fluctuations of our own political tides. They have read our political platforms, reeking with insincerities toward them; they have heard our slogans, running the gamut from McKinley's unctuous "benevolent assimilation" and the army's "civilize 'em with a Krag," to expressions in party platforms justifying them in expecting an emancipation proclamation over any week-end.

Kirby, in New York World

"But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on, leaving no track behind"

WE ARE no longer in a position to discuss honorably in principle whether the Philippines should or should not have independence. To that we have pledged ourselves unequivocally.

It might have been possible to quibble over the resolution adopted by the United States Senate in February, 1899, in ratifying the treaty of peace with Spain. That resolution does not mention independence:

Resolved, that by the ratification of this treaty of peace with Spain it is not

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intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States; but it is the intention of the United States to establish in said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants of said islands, to prepare them for local self-government and in due time to make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands.

It does disavow any intention permanently to annex the islands, and the political background of the time of its adoption was such as to justify the construction that eventual independence was implied. Regardless of that, however, and of anything and everything that may have been said or done in the meanwhile, including incessant agitation on the part of an increasingly numerous and representative section of the Filipino people, seventeen years later the pledge was made specific beyond recall. The so-called Jones Act, approved August 29, 1916, providing the present scheme of government, says it unmistakably:

> It has always been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein.

As President Wilson said in my hearing as long ago as May, 1913, the troublesome factor in the problem was "not *whether,* but *when.*"

Nor is it even so simple as that. Underlying the question of when are the even more perplexing questions of how and of what do we mean by "independence"?

IT IS futile now to dispute, or to talk at all, about the merits of our action in taking the Philippines. All that is water over the dam. Of our own free will we *bought* them. We did not "wrest them from Spain," in any proper sense of the expression. With cold cash we paid for them, after many months of hot debate, not only in the American delegation to the peace commission and in the Senate prior to ratification of the peace treaty, but among the people generally. The matter figured heavily in politics. *Many were in favor of sailing away and leaving the islands* to their fate, or giving them back to Spain, as the British did once after "conquering" the city and environs of Manila.

The truth is that we paid twenty millions largely to save the faces of the Spanish peace commissioners and preserve them from being lynched when they got home. As a man familiar with the facts said to me once in Washington: "We licked them and stripped them to the buff, and this was by way of being a barrel to walk home in."

President McKinley himself told my informant that while he believed we must take the islands, they would be a source of endless trouble to us. Which prophesy certainly has been made good!

We have invested in the Philippines a staggering total of American blood and dollars. Hundreds of millions. In the first ten years it cost us more than half a million merely to bring back our dead. For the care of this somewhat grudgingly adopted child of alien blood, and its preparation thus far for a responsible posture in the world, we have given costly hostage. It is up to us to follow through.

NEITHER by the nature of our traditions and national temperament, our government and institutions, nor by experience, are we fitted for colonial empire. Ancient Rome did it . . . successfully? Where is the Roman Empire now? Even Great Britain, however reluctantly and perforce, is going out of that business, in favor of consent-of-the-governed. All that old sort of thing is going out of fashion in the world.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that when people, however foolishly, however ill-prepared by experience or understanding of the task, adopt a child, severing his relations with supposedly unfit parents and environment deemed less favorable, their chief obligation is to the welfare of the child. It is not permitted them, moreover, to tire of their bargain because he squawks at night, is neither docile nor appreciative, or is otherwise rambunctious. They may not turn him back as if nothing has happened, or kick him out to meet as best he may the greed and buffets of the world. Waiving the matter of kidnappers abroad, adoption involves responsibilities of education and care while the child is growing up.

Also, it involves recognition of the arrival of approximate maturity. Parents have a tendency to reluctance at that point. Authority seldom lets go gracefully. We are no longer dealing with the Philippines of 1898. Immeasurably this people has advanced. American influence and ideas, American schoolteachers, American administrators, together with the general awakening of the Orient, have wrought a magic. Say, if you will, that the adopted child is merely adolescent, there nears the time for beginning to stand alone—the *right* to stand alone and blunder into experience and wisdom; even though perhaps still within the family circle.

BY WHAT test shall that time, that right, be assessed? Of independence: What shall that mean? There are many kinds and degrees of independence, and all of them have their limits. There is the independence of Illinois and Hawaii and the District of Columbia; of Cuba; of Santo Domingo and Haiti; of the Island of Jersey and Newfoundland; of New Zealand and Ireland; of Straits Settlements and British North Borneo; of the Ukraine and of Switzerland. Each is peculiar, and each is in some way conditioned; responsibility goes with each proportionately, and authority co-extensive. The question is practical as well as sentimental. For the sake of loyalty to the words of a slogan shall we "free" the Mohammedan Moros of Mindanao by putting them under the rule of the Christian Filipinos of Luzon, to resume the mutual throat-cutting of old? Or shall we give independence to a part of the Philippines but not all? This matter requires precision, and precision demands recognition of facts.

On the other hand, as for waiting until, as per the Woods-

Ask Yourself Another

Suppose I were the president of the United States or otherwise charged with responsibility and clothed with adequate authority—

What would I do?

What would I do first?

With regard to the Philippines?

With regard to Haiti?

With regard to any of the other problems upon which I credit myself with "opinions"?

How much pains have I taken to know what I am talking about?

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Forbes formula quoted below, the people of the islands have "thoroughly mastered tne powers already in their hands"—what means "thoroughly mastered"? To wait until they have shown the genius for civic efficiency and honesty exhibited say in the city government of Philadelphia, New York or Chicago? Why not abolish local self-government from the towns and villages of New York State as long as local officials steal or are sloppy in their bookkeeping? Can we with straight face demand of the Filipinos compliance with standards beyond our own achievement?

THE responsibility is ours. We cannot escape it if we would. And the corollary is inevitable. General Wood and W. Cameron Forbes (the latter previously a governor-general of the islands) stated it in 1921, when President Harding sent them to report on twenty years of American rule:

> That the present general status of the Philippine Islands continue until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already in their hands . . . and that under no circumstances should the American government permit to be established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.

This concurrent responsibility and authority of ours has been exercised in erratic fashion; first by soldiers with raw force and concomitant bloodshed and mutual contempt and hatred; then during twelve years of relatively peaceful administration by American commissioners under a series of governors-general—Taft, Wright, Ide, Smith, Forbes.

Then came a sharp break, while Francis Burton Harrison undertook drastically, even recklessly, to surrender authority to the Filipinos; unquestionably with widespread demoralization of efficiency and financial stability, as well as ominous recurrence of epidemic disease. But it was the first real attempt at fulfillment of our pledges. It is difficult to maintain that it was not substantially premature.

Then came General Wood, greatly tightening the grip and resuming exercise of the powers reserved under the Jones Act, which had been largely surrendered by Harrison. His regime was characterized by constant friction to the point of deadlock, with the Filipino leaders and politicians. Give Wood full credit for efficiency and a certain grim kind of tact; the fact remains that his psychology was that of the professional soldier, to whom the aspirations of democracy and the theory of learning self-government by blundering experience is at best of academic interest. Anyway, he died, leaving his work unfinished, and the way open for a policy less iron-fisted even if short of the Harrison complaisance.

SO NOW comes Stimson, with the civilian point of view and a record of at least some degree of "pacification"—such as it may eventually be shown to have been—in Nicaragua. He has been secretary of war, and was a friend and admirer of General Wood; nevertheless Filipino spokesmen thus far have raised no objection to him.

Mr. Stimson has put his finger upon the essential sore-spot in the situation; which is the absence of a frankly-declared and consistently applied policy and intention backed by the intelligent understanding of the American people. In an article published last April in Foreign Affairs, after a visit to the Philippines, he said:

> The first and principal step would be the public avowal of a stable American policy toward the islands, even of the most general character. This, of course, is not easy, because it depends finally *upon the cultivation of an intelligent public opinion in America* and cannot be accomplished by any statutory enactment. The road to it would be by the abandonment of all planks for "prompt Philippine independence" in party platforms; by repeated manifestations of a consistent policy on the part of our executives and our Congresses of both parties backed by similar consistent expressions of opinion by our press and other leaders of opinion.

The Filipino leaders seem to think they can do business with Stimson as they were not able (or perhaps disposed) to do with Wood. Is it too much to hope that he may contribute, perhaps decisively, toward a real solution?

Must The Filipinos Wait

Until their self-government is as free of graft as New York or Chicago?
Until they have "mastered the powers already in their hands" like us?
Who are we to insist upon standards beyond our own achievement?
What do we mean by "independence"?
What do they mean by "independence"?
What do the facts call for?
Shall we surrender authority and still be responsible?
Are we keeping the Philippines for their sake or ours?

AT THE last of it, as in all human relationships, it is largely a question of spirit and sympathy, governing the interpretation of words, and the use that is made of the logic of actual events; the degree of common sense and tact exhibited *practically,* in the application of declared principles, in concrete circumstances as they arise day by day. Those circumstances are always concrete, and call for brass-tacks decisions, human actions including the words that accompany and explain them. Not only what is done, but the way it is done. Face-to-face with facts, theories bend and phrases lose preciousness. Everything depends then upon transparent honesty of purpose and sincerity of spirit. Then is proved what mettle of man is in responsibility and power.

IT IS very simple and easy for critics and enthusiasts neither charged with responsibility nor clothed with authority, in this or any other matter, to adopt a pleasing formula; such as "Liberty for the Filipinos," "Abolish Imperialism," "the White Man's Burden," or what-not other fine-sounding bunch of words, and yawp it in the ears of those who are doing the best they know how, according to their lights, powers and capacity. We word-spouters are doing this all the time. Doubtless it is more or less useful on the whole and sometimes it is well-founded; but not infrequently we do not know what we are talking about. It is a fine corrective to stop in mid-rush of eloquence of this sort and soliloquize in such fashion as this:

Suppose I had both the responsibility and the authority—what would I do? What would I do first?

Yes, in the Philippines. Or in Nicaragua, Haiti, Mexico; with reference to the League of Nations and the World Court: or any other subject buzzing on the street corners.

We have lately seen what (*Continued on page* 596)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

"You sit in the room with the Irish Players and follow many threads as you do in a family"

Irish Homespun

THE Irish plays we know are of two kinds: those of cottagers and countryside wherein leprechauns and blarney, rural folk-lore, pigs, and poverty, all swirled in blue peat-smoke, weave themselves into peasant tragedies, and those in the heroic tradition—peopled with kings and pale ladies, misty in Keltic symbolism and dim poetry. Both are romantic as only Ireland can be. Now comes Sean O'Casey, once dock-walloper and hod-carrier, to write Juno and the Paycock, a realistic drama of tenement life in Dublin town.

We did not know that "Dublin is a city of tenements," as Padraic Colum says in his charmingly intimate book, The Road Round Ireland (Macmillan). "In 1924 there were in this city of 400,000 some 40,000 families living in one-room tenements made from the fine old houses of an earlier day. . . . The sight of eighty-four children in a single house made one reformer take up the task of getting houses built for the poorer people. Dublin, a distributing center, not self-supporting with productive industry, has developed a type of casual and unskilled labor that drifts into tenements because the earnings are never enough to build houses on."

This gay, moving, and finally tragic play is a picture of this life in one room through which passes a motley procession of the neighborhood clan—drinking, singing, cursing, praying, dying people, each limned by O'Casey's miraculous gift of character-drawing as an authentic person as real as mud and as Irish as the shamrock. Juno is the heroic and long-suffering mother, in spite of Hell with a song on her lips. The Paycock is her husband, Captain Boyle (he once traveled on a collier to Liverpool) who has pains in his legs when a job is named and boozes away his days with Joxer Daly. The Joxer is inimitable, a cadging wastrel, who spouts tags and platitudes—"Nil desperandum," he says, "Nil desperandum." You laugh at him and despise him, victim of the eternal bull in Irish character. The Boyle son glooms by the fire, one arm gone in the fraternal strife between Free Staters and Republicans in 1921 to 1923. His sister primps and gets seduced by a palavering school-teacher. O'Casey knows what tenement life does to the young.

Act II shows the Paycock playing the magnifico on credit granted because he has come into a legacy. New furniture and a gramophone adorn the barren room. There is a party—of course—so Irish, and gay, and quarrelsome, and so richly done by these Irish Players that you whistle the tunes in companionship. Then this laboring-man playwright

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springs his trap. The legacy turns out to be a mirage; instalment men cart off the chairs and gramaphone; Mary Boyle is found with child; the son is dragged off, beseeching the Holy Mother for mercy, by Republican soldiers whose comrade he has betrayed; the Paycock and his Joxer roll in drunken recriminations on the bare floor; black tragedy circles the desolate figure of Juno—the everlasting Irish mother who has toiled and suffered to make of this tenement room a home. Fate chalks up too heavy a score for one family, but not heavier than O'Casey knows is paid every day somewhere in any tenement.

For this workman won through to be playwright for his own people knows his "tay." He knows their gaiety, courage, glimmering wit, religious fervor, and patriotic devotion; he knows, too, the idle playboy soul, the love of drink, the improvidence, the brawling among patriots, and the cramping superstition. All of these are hinted in the play, but without propaganda labels. Indeed, he leaves you to decide whether these folks he loves are victims of environment and economics, or victims of their own Irish souls. But he never lets you doubt these are people. They come on stage trailing along some fantastic story of a life, and they go on living after the curtain drops. I expect to drink with Joxer and crack wits with Mrs. Mazie Madigan when I go to Dublin.

Here enters the triumph of these Players come to us from the Abbey Theater. Each insists on creating of his part an individual, and savors any "fat" bit of stage business to the last drop; but nobody stars, or "steals the scene." The ensemble is as fluid and rhythmic as running water. You sit in the room with them and follow many threads as you do in a family. It's that life-like. And oh! the joy of their speech, scented with the brogue, and full of reverence for the spoken tongue! Colum gives credit to Frank Fay of the National Theater Society for establishing an appreciation of speech as one of the great traditions of the Abbey Theater: "A play has to be talked into existence, and good plays are plays that are talked into existence entertainingly and beautifully." Sean O'Casey's is—and we wish lisping, lazy-tongued Broadway could go to school there. Whether as a funny-bitter revelation of Irish character, or of the gifts of the Irish Players and their laboring-man playwright, Juno and the Paycock is rich meat.

LEON WHIPPLE

Voices Prophesying War

THE WHITE MAN'S DILEMMA, by Nathaniel Peffer. John Day. 312 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.
PEACE OR WAR? by Lt.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy. Boni & Liveright. 338 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.
PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD WAR, by Harold D. Lasswell. Knopf. 233 pp. Price $5 postpaid of The Survey.
FIVE WEEKS: The Surge of Public Opinion on the Eve of the Great War, by Jonathan French Scott. John Day. 305 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.

THE first need of this age is faith—faith, as Count Keyserling puts it, that life has meaning. Without that, we are monkeys chattering in a jungle. The second is that we concert together to stop war. If we do not, then whatever we care for—art, science, happiness—all are going down in a ruin of civilization. I speak from the heart for I am just back from the front—of the next war! That front is now only in books, but if these authors be wise prophets it will become real in blood and agony unless we labor today, as they beseech us to do, to uproot the causes. For these are solemn books of warning by men of intelligence, not scare-mongers, who agree and, I think, prove that war is already crescent in the womb of fate unless men deny it with some new and audacious spiritual wisdom. I urge you to add these volumes to that little Library Against War in which we already have certain plays like The Enemy, Spread Eagle, and Heartbreak House.

Intelligence can do nothing when Mars tramples in the presses. That lesson is learned. But now at peace, we are keeping the faith with posterity in one thing: we are recording with blazing passion and ice-cold intellect what obscene thing war is, and how it is born of fear and greed, and with what malignant destruction it can be waged tomorrow. No banker or statesman can ever plead an alibi of ignorance again. What can be done by the frail barricade of the mind is being done; who runs may read; and if we go to war again it will be because we have loosed forces too big for intelligence to curb, or because, as Peffer half intimates, we cannot learn anything from anything.

IN The White Man's Dilemma, Nathaniel Peffer brings economic imperialism up-to-date and shows that it is bankrupt in ideas. His nub is that the industrial empires, using machines, had to have raw materials and markets for the surplus. They went and took them, and as the world grew crowded, fought among themselves for more people to exploit. That was the tap-root of the World War. They built up a whole system of colonies, concessions, spheres, extra-territoriality, and so forth, disguising the game as "the White Man's burden" and ruling by war-machines and by creating an inferiority complex. The sporadic revolts were quelled, but native hatred grew to bursting. There is a keen chapter on the personal genesis of this antagonism. White men grow hysterical with the heat and boot natives off the sidewalk really because the natives omit handkerchiefs. What the natives hate is the loss of self-respect, and our despising them as backward. The Anglo-Saxon has been peculiarly inflexible; middle-class tradesmen go Mayfair when living in treaty-ports.

But everything we sent in to the area was "intrinsically infectious." "The Gospels contain the most subversive doctrine ever enunciated to mortal man." We spread nationalism, democracy, literacy, and communication. Liberals at home, to swallow the dividends, had to mingle seizure with service. Joseph Chamberlain, doing "civilization's work" in South Africa, could not forbid Britons teaching natives to read, even if Cecil Rhodes pointed out that some day they would take to reading Magna Carta. So the seeds of discontent were sown, and the crop reaped during the World War and after. The backward folks saw white men fighting white men all over the world—gone savage. Whites taught natives to hate and attack other whites. No punitive expedition came—the white man was vulnerable. Propaganda entangled the fatal moral issue in its web, and taught that this was a democratic war to give all people the right of self-determination. They heard and believed Mr. Wilson. Finally, they have become disenchanted with the marvels of Western mechanical civilization. They have decided they will take only what they judge good, and not take any by force.

And so, Mr. Peffer concludes, the game is up. The white man's dilemma is simply this: Will he get out of these places, or wait to be kicked out? The first choice will be costly to him, for his machines have learned to depend on the raw materials the natives are not trained to produce, and costly to the natives, for he has brought blessings such as stability, order, and sanitation. The second choice means war, and infinitely higher costs. The issue will be decided

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all over the world in the next generation, and by economic, not moral, forces. Mr. Peffer's book is not new doctrine, but it drives the facts home with fierce clarity. What is your answer to his riddle?

Commander Kenworthy gives an even completer diagnosis of the possible and even threatening causes of war. He traverses the world map, pointing out spot after spot where the conflagration may burst forth. His researches into national jealousies, racial quarrels, economic rivalries are encyclopedic. He speaks of greater armaments, vaster military budgets, and the intense researches to discover new methods of killing with professional knowledge, for he comes of the aristocratic war clan of Britain and was once a member of the Admiralty War Staff. Of profound significance is his study of the future relations of the United States and the British Empire. One chapter is headed, Why an Anglo-American War is Possible and a second, The United States v. The British Empire, actually predicts the strategy of such an abhorrent possibility. Will Canada be neutral? Will Jamaica be the English base? Can we protect the Panama Canal? Will gas bombs be dropped on Park Avenue—the richest street in the world? He interprets the failure of the Naval Conference at Geneva and the new rivalry in cruisers as bringing such a conflict one step nearer—what else are these cruisers for?

The training of the next generation for war by screen and press is analyzed; the case of Humanity v. the Submarine is stated (but not decided); the silent laboratory research into new poisons, explosives, and machines is brought into light; and the ultimate terrors of war from the air on cities he sums up thus: "Man's conquest of the air must be followed by man's conquest of war, or by the end of civilization."

Finally he finds the League of Nations powerless, because the big nations use it only as a mask and because it recognizes war by its nature. Of the many peace plans he points out main defects, and their lesser promises, but his solemn conclusion is that the single hope is to declare war illegal, outlaw it forever, and this he believes can be done by an agreement between England and The United States. "War must be recognized for what it is, a stupid, useless and indefensible crime. . . . We stand on the brink of another." This is expert testimony. What are we doing to lessen fear? Have we no Lindbergh of the Spirit to send abroad?

THE book on propaganda is funny as old styles because Dr. Lasswell, with high scientific irony, catalogs all the lies everybody told about everybody during the World War. He gives the messages and the mechanism that befuddled and debauched our minds and hearts; you must, for example, convict your enemy of Satanism and your best agent (if the wind is in the West) is a toy balloon to drop demoralizing words among soldiers when "they are alone and have time to think." If you shoot peace propaganda in a trench-mortar the recipient is likely to notice the paradox. The English found word-of-mouth means the best to convert America—a noble lord dropping a few revelations at dinner parties on Long Island. Americans went at it like newspaper men, and discovered the prime propagandist of all, Wilson: "It was a matchless performance, for Wilson brewed the subtle poison which industrious men injected into the veins of staggering people," says this connoisseur of duplicitous device, and wonders how much of Wilsonism was "rhetorical exhibitionism."

Lasswell is impartial as a post-mortem surgeon, but one gets the notion his purpose is to put on record what propaganda did to our minds then, and how, so that we need never swallow such a dose again. If anybody in a future war believes anything in the world, of either friend or foe, he will be a plain damn fool. I hold this to be one of the most valuable antidotes to war, patriotic hysteria, and the rationalization of blood lust. The book is a manual for pacifists.

It caps our exhibits for it shows modern war going beyond the murder of bodies to murder souls. Having enchained science, war now seduces psychology. Propaganda can make wars, help fight wars, and win wars for it can create fear—fear of the enemy and fear in the enemy. It builds fake backgrounds of emotion and ideology and sends men out in false faces fighting for mirages. We are being hypnotized to accept new mirages right now. These books may help save us from our own folly.

LEON WHIPPLE

Advice to the Booklorn

CLASSICS OF MODERN SCIENCE, *edited by William S. Knickerbocker. Knopf. 384 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*
THE NEW REFORMATION, *by Michael Pupin. Scribner. 272 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*
UP FROM THE CITY STREETS: ALFRED E. SMITH, *by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz. Harcourt-Brace. 349 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*
THE RELIGIOUS BOOK CLUB, 287 *Fourth Avenue, New York. No membership fee.*
THE KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH, *by George Philip Krapp. Holt. 572 pp. Price* $3.75 *postpaid of The Survey.*
JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, *edited by J. Middleton Murry. Knopf. 256 pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*

CERTAIN dead men have written the most inspiring book of the Fall. This is an anthology of the statements of revolutionary experiments and theories by the masters of modern science, collected from the original writings by William Knickerbocker, professor of English in the University of the South, and editor of the Sewanee Review. Here you may read the two brief pages that present Harvey's concept of the circulation of the blood, or the five that state Newton's laws of matter in motion. The basis for evolution is in Sir Charles Lyell's chapter on the uniformity of change throughout time; Theodore Schwann, son of a printer, establishes the cell structure of the body; Pasteur gives us protection from rabies by inoculation; Von Helmholtz lays down the law of the Conservation of Energy; Koch proves the terrible power resident in bacteria. Each hero in the pantheon of science offers his majestic revelation in words that are remarkable for clarity, and often suffused with poetry. The volume is a succession of mountain peaks. The reading is far less difficult than you would imagine and even when the layman cannot follow, he feels great winds of truth blowing through the world. This is no "outline" popularized for the mass. But it lays bare the roots of our modern world. And it fills us with courage and admiration for the humble searching and arrogant challenge with which these men out-faced Nature. This volume arouses profoundly religious thoughts for, as Ernst Mach wrote, "There is no grander or more intellectually elevating spectacle than that of the utterances of the fundamental investigators in their gigantic power."

Michael Pupin traces almost the same course in his New Reformation, wherein he seeks to show the continuous nature of scientific advance and that we have come from the physical to the verge of new spiritual realities. The story is more technical, but even more consciously religious, and the author as he faces the next step in our dauntless exploration of matter, now reduced to a system of ethereal

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tensions, says defiantly: "The creative power of the soul is the only guide in our attempts to decipher the meaning of this ultra-material substance." Fundamentalists would do well to read these two charters of science for they deal with fundamentals.

THE study of "Al" Smith by Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz is not so interesting as Henry Pringle's recent essay on this political phenomenon, but it may be more valuable. Pringle gave us a delightful full-length portrait of the man; the new volume is a sedater appraisal of his political career and governmental achievements. Here is rich meat on Smith's mastery of the executive function, on his devotion to the care of the people, in sickness or in health, and on his program for the preserving of the community rights in water power. But even with all its careful analysis this new life reveals little that the first did not include. Both leave unanswered in my mind the psychological conundrum as to what changed Smith from a Tammany politician into a humanitarian statesman, and the puzzle as to what philosophy of America as a nation he would embrace if entrusted with the presidency.

The Religious Book Club has come to join the other book-of-the-month clubs. Its mission is to bring each month, at the publisher's price, directly into the reader's hands, the outstanding volume of spiritual significance. The term "religious book" will not be narrowly defined, but will include not only books on the life and work of the church, but any volume in which moral and spiritual ideals find effective expression, including works of history, philosophy, poetry, and fiction. We nominate Classics of Science as a deeply religious book, and one that would help many a frightened soul. The editorial committee of five follows: Dr. Parkes Cadman of the Federal Council of Churches, Bishop Charles Brent of the Episcopal Church and Bishop Francis McConnell of the Methodist, Harry Emerson Fosdick, independent, shall we say, and President Woolley of Mount Holyoke College. These are names that have meaning in religion, and books chosen by such leaders will, we are certain, express the deeper spirit of the day. The presence of Samuel McRea Cavert as editorial secretary is another guarantee of both vision and service. The office is at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

If you love the English language read Dr. George Krapp's latest volume, The Knowledge of English. Nowhere will you find such a serene and scholarly reverence for this vehicle of our thought combined with such a humane recognition that language is a tool of the race, and must grow and change to serve the race, not the philologist or lexicographer. The volume is not to be taken at one dose, but now and again beside the winter fire when your soul is weary of tabloids and advertising and all the ephemeral uses of words. There is more titillation of the intellect than in cross-word puzzles in pondering such questions as What Is Grammar? The Purist Attitude, English Pronunciation, The Morals of Language, and The Future of English. The tale is simply told for plain people, and the author's unassuming style proof enough that he has drunk from the wells of English undefiled.

This department has bluntly discussed the press and the writers who make money out of print. There are other authors who answer other urges. Of these assuredly was Katherine Mansfield whose Journal is the record of a crystal soul driven even to death by a divine seeking after truth that she might tell moving tales of human beings and their fates. She possessed the rarest gift of genius: she just looked at life like a child and told what she saw—bright and lovely surfaces, chuckle-breeding inconsistencies (as when her rhubarb comes wrapped in a newspaper containing a speech by Lloyd George), unexpressible pathos in the strife and struggles of people, intimations of immortality in Nature and in men. Her intuition of life rose above literary conventions and always she tells how bitter and disappointing was her labor to translate this intuition. But this child lived in no fairy-realm. Her world crashes around her head, for she saw World War, she lost her beloved brother in France, and finally tuberculosis laid cold fingers on her body. So she suffered, but was not broken. And her tiny legacy of story telling appeals to the unliterary, perhaps because it was "humble," as she declared modern writers are not, and certainly because it was born in bodily and spiritual agony. This Journal tells how real literature is created, not bought. L. W.

They Had Money

CERTAIN RICH MEN, *by Meade Minnigerode. Putnam. 210 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
COMMODORE VANDERBILT, *by Arthur D. Howden Smith. McBride. 339 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
THE PORTRAIT OF A BANKER, *by Anna Robeson Burr. Duffield. 370 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

IT was a gay world—a world of cut-throat competition, bribery and plunder. A world of assorted codes. There was Daniel Drew, a dishonest man, who, when he desired collateral for purposes of private gain, helped himself to the treasury of the Erie. And there was Cornelius Vanderbilt, "the old Commodore," who was honest, and who raised money when he needed it by watering the stock of his railroads. And both of them, when business required, gave legislators a chance to earn an honest penny by voting judiciously. A certain lobbyist was described as the man who goes to Albany every year "to say gee and haw to Vanderbilt's cattle."

The one fact common to all eight of the men who are here the subject of the biographer's interest—two of them, Vanderbilt and Stillman, each with a book to himself and seven, including Vanderbilt, having a chapter in another—is the fact that they had money. How they got it is not always clear. In Minnigerode's Certain Rich Men there is more or less of a mystery about the first hundred thousand. Beginning with little or nothing, in most cases we suddenly realize that "money is rolling in." But that is only at the beginning. It is clearer about the millions.

For the rest there is variety enough. If Drew, Fisk and Jay Gould were accomplices, they brought to their common task dissimilarities of attitude that made them strange bedfellows. Drew tempered his banditry with a nauseating piety that led him to endow churches and a theological seminary with a part of his loot. Fisk tempered his with wine, women and song. Gould, alone of the trio, apparently had neither redeeming vices nor constructive virtues.

One is struck by the contrast between Astor and Vanderbilt, founders of two great American fortunes. When the British in 1813, with seventy-five men, took Astor's fort in Oregon, he wrote letters to the State Department. When Vanderbilt was double-crossed by his associates he wrote them, "I will not sue you because the law takes too long. I will ruin you." And in the course of keeping his promise he sent an expedition of armed men to Nicaragua. Where Astor grew rich by the slow safe process of letting the enter-

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prise of a growing community put value into his real estate holdings, Vanderbilt throughout his tempestuous career fought his way to millions, bowling over those who got in his way. His armed raid in Nicaragua put him in a position where he could make the Pacific Mail Steamship Company pay him $56,000 a month to refrain from competition.

Picturesque in the extreme, was the Commodore. He seems picturesque even in the chapter by Minnigerode, who paints most of his characters drably enough. There is a certain saturnine quality about much of this book. Only of Jay Cooke does the author approach enthusiasm in his treatment; he credits him, equally with the soldiers in the field, with winning the Civil War.

But Howden Smith's Commodore Vanderbilt is something of a treat. The author is disarmingly just. He tells of all the Commodore's meannesses, even insists upon them. And then he turns to his exploits with such gusto that hardly a sand-bagging job in his whole career seems anything less than heroic.

James Stillman, by Anna Robeson Burr, is less readable. The banker missed Vanderbilt's extraordinary individuality so the author's insistence on painting him somewhere between a hero and a saint fails of conviction. It is most useful as a running sketch of some of the important developments in the financial world at the turn of the twentieth century.

Times have changed since Black Friday, the Erie War, and the Panic of '73. A great deal of the particular sort of highwaymanry described by Smith and Minnigerode would now run afoul of the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission—not to mention the statutes against grand larceny. In fact, times have changed so much that were it not for oil scandals and jury fixings, one could be pretty dogmatic about our betterment.

JOHN A. FITCH

New York School of Social Work

Race in a Sandwich Shoppe

ENVIRONMENT AND RACE, *by Griffith Taylor. Oxford University Press. 354 pp. Price, $6.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Waitress: What is that book you are reading? The diagrams look sort of complicated.

Customer: Do they? Well, the subject is complicated, too. This book shows how the human family got itself distributed over the earth.

W.: Does he say we came from monkeys?

C.: Oh, no. He doesn't say much about it; but we are related, you know.

W.: What do you mean?

C.: Well, a long time ago—maybe a million years—before there were any apes or men, our forebear Dryopithecus started off adventuring. But his brother refused to leave the tree-tops and so never got human.

W.: What became of this Dry-old-whateveritis?

C.: That's just what the scientists can't seem to agree on. This book, for example, attacks the idea that because in such and such a place someone has dug up a skull halfway between that of an ape and a man that place must have been the "cradle of the human race." On the contrary, he says, where the oldest races of mankind are found, there almost certainly humanity did not arise.

W.: How does he make that out?

C.: Look here: I am sprinkling a little sugar on the plate. What happens? Does each grain stay put? No, the little heap spreads out. Now, suppose I shake over it

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some more sugar, say the same amount. Does it exactly cover the last heap? No, it makes a steeper peak and some of the sugar runs quickly down over the edge of the old lot. But the old lot has been pressed down and so some of it spreads out further and the ring gets wider. So, this man Taylor says, wherever we see remains of old races, it is the outlying parts of the world, farthest away from the original source of origin where it has been driven as new races sprang up in the same original place and spread out over those parts of the earth where they could live.

W.: Do you mean, there is one creation after another, always in the same spot?

C.: No, but there seems to have been an overpopulation in the central parts of Asia at various times when the climate grew worse and the grass dried up or the frost killed all vegetation; and at such times, while many starved and some no doubt managed to stay on, masses of people moved off in whatever direction they thought they might find better conditions.

W.: How did they manage to drive the earlier comers further away?

C.: It seems that wandering peoples are always stronger and more warlike than those who are settled down—at least that is how I make it out. Some settled in America.

W.: But people were unable to get to America from Asia in those old days.

C.: Oh, no, they were. Look at this map and this. . . . All the continents were probably connected at one time or another and even today the small sea passage over the Behring Strait is no special difficulty. But the most interesting map, I think, is this one which shows that at one time the land and sea surfaces of the earth may have been much more regular than today, with the same belts of bare rock, forest, prairie, desert and jungle on each of the three great land masses from the North Pole to the southernmost tip. This would explain why in appearance, language and other things there are similarities today between peoples that historically have nothing in common.

W.: Does he say anything about the Nordics?

C.: Yes, they are related with some of the peoples of India, of Egypt and of Australasia; and they are distributed in Europe over some countries that are not usually regarded as Nordic at all—such as parts of Italy, Spain and France. But then, of course, all peoples today are mixed in various ways.

W.: Do you think that this overflow from Asia is likely to go on in the future? Isn't that what people mean when they talk about the yellow peril?

C.: No, things have been entirely changed by the steamboat, the cable and other modern inventions. We can live almost anywhere nowadays. It is economic power that counts and scientific breeding. The peoples of Asia will learn, as the West is gradually learning, that physical vigor and intelligence count for more in the prosperity of a people than large numbers. In the meantime, such books as this help people give up their absurd notions about other races and their claims of superiority for their own race. And that will make, some day, for agreement as to how the resources of the world may be shared by all.

W.: You're saying a mouthful. Will you have some more coffee?

C.: Sure; I've got to use up the sugar we spilled.

BRUNO LASKER

The Inquiry

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to rectify it. Boys come into the plant and earn five dollars and six dollars a day, snappy workers, making a lot of money, but they don't learn a trade that leads somewhere, or that gets hold of them. That's what we hope to work out in this school. A place where they can find themselves and get the training.

There is an older and larger school at Highland Park, with 1,475 boys enrolled against 393 here, but I gathered from Sorenson it had been conducted along other lines—giving the boys a smattering of a lot of things. "The difference is," said Ford, "that here they work close with a man who knows the job—a mechanic." The school floor was broken up into a lot of units, each one no larger than a small room, but drawing its equipment from some one of the skilled departments in the Ford plant, and doing actual work with a craftsman at the bench. Around each craftsman was a group of boys—here a knot testing and correcting steam gages, and learning their inwards; there a group making tool boxes; here a set learning the art of filing as the first step in tool-making. Sorenson could not resist stopping and showing a boy how to run his stroke flat. "Filers are born, not made." If a boy does not show aptitude in one of these miniature rooms, he is shifted to another and another until his imagination and leanings are caught. "You can't tell what a man's good for by looking at him," says Ford.

They tell the story of a boy who was caught playing hookey from his foreman. He had been in the school, it seems, and had not stuck; would not tend to business; was sent home; tried on this and that and put in one of the shops. It seems that his father was a contractor and in the bottom of his heart the boy wanted to be a mason. He never would have learned the art of filing, nor caught the gleam of the electrician's calling. But when they took some space in the shop-school and set up a brick-laying unit, he proved a crackerjack; laid a fireplace by himself on the floor, and was soon ready to go out for his real training with the men who build the open-hearths and the other brick and concrete work in the plant.

AFTER their early work in the school units, at the elbow of a craftsman, they are sent to one of the main departments and continue their training, responsible to a skilled mechanic and getting the full round of experience. Sorenson took me down to see the bunch of boys in the pattern shop; and there were others in the tool rooms, the foundries, the chemical laboratory, the drafting rooms and elsewhere. While they are in the school and after they have been assigned to the departments where they are to learn the trade of their choice, they are paid wages, which go up a notch regularly; and part of their time goes into class work in English, drafting, mathematics, commercial geography, etc. (There is a school and free instruction also for older men who want to better themselves.)

In putting the new car into production, the Ford Company had call for an immense number of pattern makers, die cutters, tool makers. This may have driven home the need for an oncoming generation that knew the trades; but even in normal times, while it is the production crews that impress the public, such a huge establishment employs a large staff of skilled mechanics in each branch: and the automatic machinery which displaces much labor, itself calls for a high type of skilled man for governance, inspection and repair work. Ford told me with keen zest of the work of the boys in one of the units. They were set to work at removing dents from oil cans. This could not be done without taking the cans apart, straightening and resoldering them. "Then they were better than when we bought them," he said; and there was nothing about his new car that seemed to loom up to him as much as just that.

But it is the sense that the boys are footing his old trail that gets him; and Sorenson; and while the new plan is sketchy, there's a kernel in it that may sprout into a second line of Model A labor policy. Instead of the big mass production plants continuing parasitic on the old order of small shops, they may be found generating a new craftsmanship for the upper reaches of their work. They feel the need, as never

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before, for men who can read blueprints and make a sketch of a design that will improve the operation. And these native auto-mechanics, who grow up in the industry, and are citizens of it as it were—they too will be heard from. In production and in personality.

Ford's most recent innovation in Model T labor policy was the five-day week. I have not seen an accurate study of its installation which would show how far the shortened schedule was put on a six-day pay basis; how far it meant a wage-cut. I gathered from company sources that an effort was made to keep earnings at the former level. It has been charged that the move was entered upon to forestall agitation for the shorter week by the American Federation of Labor; and on the other hand that it was to cover up the slowing down in Ford production—a pious declaration about what was an accomplished fact. However these things may be, the subsequent months have not afforded a fair demonstration of the five-day week in any of its aspects. The plants worked part-time for many months, shifts working two and three days a week; then came the lay-off in production. With the rush of putting the new model on the market, there has been a reversion to the six-day week in at least some departments. The test lies in the months ahead. I gathered a considerable faction in the Ford organization want to return to the six-day week on the theory that it would help them keep down costs. But I gathered also that Mr. Ford's expressed intention is to go on with it—it is Model A policy with him.

There was another labor policy on which I was especially anxious to question Mr. Ford. This was his plan to decentralize the production of parts, to develop small plants in rural districts, preferably around old mill sites of the pioneer days, and to work out a schedule by which men could live on the soil and work in a factory, splitting the year between the two. The new head lights and tail lights will be made at his dam-site development at Flat Rock, but I could not find that he had added to the little group of power-plant factories up the River Rouge which I had visited three years ago. The development at Fordson at its mouth is one of concentration rather than decentralization. Here is staged the drive of the whole process, consecutively from raw materials to the finished car—theoretically in 40 hours. Had he reversed himself?

He told me the little rural plants up-river were just an example—to show people what could be done. And when I asked him if they had taught him something himself, he gave me the first evasive answer I happen to remember from him. Readers of The Survey may remember that when I quoted his rather sweeping prophecies three years ago as to rural power-site development and the revolution in rural economy that was to flow from it, and cited his own large plans, I added a considerable pinch of salt. Contrariwise, I add one now to the implication that he does not contemplate rural extension of the Ford industries, once his main center is functioning strong.

A keen Detroit observer challenged the meanings I had read into the new developments at the Ford plant; to his mind Ford "means nothing that does not increase his power and enable him to compete profitably." There is nothing in Ford's record that would lead one to anticipate that he would not dish any or all of these moves if the exigencies of competition in the low-priced field led him to strip to the buff. There is nothing in his record, however, which would lead one to anticipate that he would try to take it out on his hired men if he got in a pinch. He has vigorously expressed himself on the stupidity of employers whose first recourse is to cut wages. He is ruthless with overhead—especially high-salaried overheads—in such an emergency. But his general formula is to cut prices, increase sales, increase production, cut costs because of the increased production, because of the increased sales, because of the cut prices; and make good.

To my mind therefore, once Model A production gets in its stride, the points on which experimental developments in labor policy will pivot are these:

The need for greater precision, intelligence and adaptability in production men; and the resulting tension between the effort to warp them into the old system and their elastic resistance to becoming mere cogs.

The need for skilled men, native to the industry; the disintegration of the old crafts countered by provision for training their successors.

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The working week—the shop tendency to revert to six days, with Ford himself on the side of five.

The work-place—the concentration at Fordson balanced by Ford's philosophy of ruralizing industry.

I wish I might cast Ford as throwing his weight into the scales, also, for a Model A policy that would enlist the concerted participation of his workers as well as hire their obedience, skill and speed; but there we are dealing with a habit of mind, and habits, as he says, are shells.

Nevertheless in the realm of natural history shells burst because of the living growths beneath them. And of one thing I came away altogether clear. The place is alive. The throb of the new car tingled through the whole organism. The Ford plants were like a college campus whose team has scored a goal. You get it in the way a foreman felt the heft of a new casing, or a mechanic ran his fingers over a piston rod. To the ten-thousandth of an inch!

CAN Ford capture and conserve this dynamic spirit? He himself has been paid the hugest wages of any mechanic in the United States. Or any business man. But if the people had paid him two billions instead of one, it is doubtful if he could, or would, have done either more or less. Fear of losing his job enters in; with the shift in popular taste, that cross-section of people at the street corner, banked up behind the Stop-Go sign, are hiring other men than Ford to build cars for them. He has been crowded in the traffic lanes of low-cost construction by Chevrolets and Whippets and what-not—and with the new year they are in full cry. He has had to move and move quickly. He's had to take his own medicine. But threats have never bossed him; and my notion is that the great driving force that energizes his whole adventure with the new car, at an age when most men retire, is that he has dramatized and personified its success in himself just as, when a youngster, his stoking was bound up in the championship records of his threshing crew. It is his product—but product charged with climax.

Now the cross-sections of people again— the street corner crowds he hires for his production—are men of the same clay and many of them of the same spirit. That's why he takes to them, believes in them; as buyers and builders. In the large, he finds himself in the market not so much for their skill or their back muscles as, increasingly, for those elements in human personality which the psychiatrists have been throwing light upon. Robert W. Bruère has analyzed them with sentience in his studies of the behavior of men and machines in the congenial atmosphere of plants which specialize in producing the most accurate of our modern mechanisms—far cries from mass production. More and more, Ford will be out for the quicksilver of intelligence, aptitudes for precision as well as dexterity and alertness, ingenuities like that of the young shop mechanic who saved the day with his tank-welder. How is he to engage them, hold them, make them count? As Professor Reitell points out, recurring operations in an endless stream of mass production deny the man on the job those "psychic rewards" which animated the old-time masters and men in the shops where Ford grew up. As we have seen, the crafts in the big plants have not replaced themselves. They've been dying out. Will these others enter—more important, will they stick—unless they are paid in kind? Psychic rewards for marketable psychic powers?

Ford's short day and short week offer one way out; the men can get their satisfactions outside. But that falls short. If that and nothing more, the best part of these men will be removed from his plant not two days but seven a week. It will put no dynamic at work in their day's business—and his.

There is another way which Ford has not tried. That is to share his kick with them—not just when the first new Ford cars run off the line, but when the 500,000th runs off and the 5,000,000th. Draw them into the team-play of his adventure so that they become part of it; let them share in the strategy of production and the shaping of its human relations, so that a sense of the game, of creation, of climax will be theirs.

Ford had to reckon with a mighty shift in sentiment among car users, as to what they wanted. They wanted something

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he was not giving them. It is not unthinkable that the car-makers will make their wants known as unmistakably.

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A QUAKER EMPLOYER ON DEMOCRACY

(*Continued from page* 571)

is carrying over from the organization and liberation of physical energy to the liberation and functional organization of man's creative power. Dark words I know these are, words that are but slowly growing luminous for me as I try to live into the series of experiments through which Morris Leeds has put to proof his conception of the way to start a democracy in contemporary industry.

These experiments have not followed in strict theoretical order like the premises and conclusion of a self-contained syllogism; they were and are experiments, initiated and carried forward under pressure of the living demands of a growing industrial enterprise. They are working. And although they proceed from a point of view radically opposed to my own fundamentalist democratic creed, it would be stupid blindly to assail them as crafty contrivances for the retention of autocratic power, or to ignore their essentially democratic inspiration. Out of silent communion even more than through heated debate, I know that my friend, the Quaker employer, like his Quaker antecedents, fights neither to have nor to hold power, but to emancipate men from inherited notions of the rights of power, to let in light on the darkness of human understanding. Convinced of this, I proceed with him in the articles to follow to the appraisal of his attempts to integrate executive responsibility with democratic freedom, expert leadership with the aspirations of the group, knowledge with social purpose.

THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS

(*Continued from page* 586)

can be done by a mere change of spirit embodied in the person of such an individual as Dwight W. Morrow, registering human friendship and understanding, in Mexico. The end of that is not yet; but the beginnings are encouraging. The phenomenon of Lindbergh, who "defies classification." We have still to justify ourselves in Nicaragua, where as these words are written we are wading in blood which challenges our procedure from the beginning.

Speaking of Haiti—there is shrieking need of a better understanding in America of that situation in which government has functioned since 1915 under the muzzles of our guns. One on any side of that affair will do well to read the little volume, Occupied Haiti, edited by Emily Greene Balch and published by the Writers Publishing Company of New York. It is the report of a committee of six distinguished Americans representing as many purely American organizations, who in 1926 visited Haiti. In quiet, notably objective but persuasive terms they describe what they saw, and recommend the restoration of self-government to that little black island republic at their doors, as we already have restored it to Santo Domingo. There is now pending before the Senate a resolution providing for investigation and legislation preparatory to relaxing our present almost exclusively military grip. Again there is oppor-

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tunity for change, not so much of action in detail as of the spirit of approach.

Before any action or valuable utterance there must be facts, freely and dispassionately ascertained. Information, which most of us dislike because it calls for mental labor, and its initial effect is paralysis of the jaw. Second, there must be organization of the facts into precise definitions and specifications, which call for cool thinking and realized responsibility. Then, translation of the intention into action based on facts and inspired by good faith, common sense and human consideration.

There are other Morrows and Stimsons; men who have made good in the common ways of our life and can be commissioned to these uncommon ones. They are needed in the places where the guns have failed. Give them access to and freedom in those places; to relax and dispel the hatred which is always the answer to force. Let them interpret the real spirit of America in solutions appealing to basic good sense and fair play, which are the antithesis of force. In the presence of that spirit, problems seemingly insoluble melt amazingly.

AND WHERE DOES IRELAND STAND?

(*Continued from page* 561)

yet gone through the European process that began with the renaissance. It has warred for national government, and has had no vitality for intellectual freedom. The national fight, in fact, has made the word "irregular" a reproach, and has put a premium on pretended conformity. Occasional Irishmen have exploded, by mere force of repression, into loud individual escape, but the big majority of them have not the faintest idea of mental hospitality. To follow the Irish debates on divorce, or to observe the treatment given by angry villagers to the father of a critical novelist, or to hear the Senate talk about James Joyce, or to watch President Cosgrave trotting from one Catholic celebration to another, is to have a dim notion of the powers of conformity in this land that has talked so much of "freedom."

One may say, But James Joyce is taboo in America. The answer is that America is the happy hunting ground of the peasant mind. Just because a peasant, or a ground-down city-dweller, gets to America and prospers enough to dress himself in store clothes does not for one moment alter the fact that he has not had modern discipline. Look at the Chicago mayoralty election! By putting the manure of money on a crude personality, you do not necessarily produce a refined and tolerant human being.

And the peasant mind is the pre-scientific mind. It is living in the half-light, which is inhabited by apprehensions, rules-of-thumb, superstitions, intimidations, violences and childish wile and craft. This has nothing to do with the heart or the character. A primitive mind may be associated with sheer saintliness, with pure goodness, with heroism. But for the rank and file, it is better to have education made as thorough as possible. If you do not improve the quality of feeling, you will at any rate help the person of merely average decency to keep from blocking the path of human advancement.

There was a chance that this work could have been led in Ireland by a vigorous man. But Michael Collins was killed by the mediaevalists, and with him were killed the geniality, the amplitude, the rich common-sense of a man of the people, who had set his foot on the road of a broad and national emancipation. The predicament of Ireland, then, is the impossibility of deValera as a modern disciplinarian and the restriction of Cosgrave's government to the more formal and elementary tasks of good housekeeping.

How, then, is Ireland to develop? The press will not effect emancipation. The managers of the Irish Times and the Irish Daily Independent certainly do not suffer from the Messianic delusion. The Irish Times has its eye on a villa in Kingstown, probably called "Majuba Hill," where reposes a respectable lady in black silk, with a pet dog, a silver épergne, and a picture of her boy in the Army Service Corps. The Independent studies the back parlor of a prosperous middleman in the Midlands who glues his eye to the middle column. On his walls he has an enlarged photo of Father Tom, a picture of a seaside resort framed in cockle shells, four red plush chairs with worm in

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them, and under one of them his funeral-going tall hat. A. E., the most admired of Irish publicists and prophets outside Ireland, edits the Irish Statesman for a group of intelligent moderates who support the government. It is a reputable highbrow weekly, slaking down the national passions with chloride of lime and putting a little bone manure on Anglo-Irish culture. It is a high light in intellectual Ireland, but this light shines through the thickest of milk-white shades. The villa in Kingstown corresponds to Montclair, and the back parlor in the Midlands corresponds to Hoboken or Perth Amboy. The Irish Times is for genteel suburbia, while the Independent is for the philistine.

The Church? The Church has eight legs, and can move in any direction at any time, but much prefers to stand still. It includes every type of Irishman, the fine idealist, the warm Michael Collins, the pursy middleman, and the respectable lady in black silk. It is a thoroughly national institution, with the idiom of infallibility and a very strong instinct of self-preservation. It is having a hard time in trying to keep the young girls in line. On the face of it, it is medieval, but actually it would accommodate itself to any situation that is presented to it. Its stronghold is the national university, and the power of boycott. There is no periodical in Ireland that is not afraid of being boycotted in response to a frown from the Church. "Catholic Notes," serried columns of them, appear in all the provincial press. A while ago they contained a sugary reference to St. Louis XIV, and this is the level of their scholarship. But the aim is not to make Ireland scholarly but to saturate the atmosphere with Catholicism in solution.

How are artists and writers to survive, under such circumstances? And how is education to develop if deValera and Cosgrave vie with one another to bid for Church support? Must the answer be Portugal or Paraguay? This is the question, I think, which some people in Ireland ask themselves about two in the morning, including many priests. The young people are tempted to say "hands off" to the clergy, but they are not mentally prepared or disciplined for any struggle for freedom, and they find it simpler to emigrate, which they do in vast numbers. This emigration is not a criticism of the Free State government. It is a criticism of a life not yet emancipated. Catholic Ireland bids against the world for her young, but the young are knocked down to a higher bidder. Irish emigration was 19,000 in 1924. It was 30,000 in 1926. This emigration is of medically selected, hand-picked young men and women. The figure is tragically high, out of the Free State population of three million.

Everything turns, then, on the creation of an educating class, either among the people themselves or among the university students. Everything turns on education.

THERE is hope. The idea of folk high schools has attracted the clergy; if the clergy start folk high schools, other groups will be encouraged to emulate them, and the result must be development. So far in Ireland, all the big popular impulses that call for mind have been hobbled because an educated class has not existed to carry them on—I mean such impulses as were behind the cooperative movement, the Abbey Theater, even the Gaelic League. If the youth of the country, from 15 to 25, has its mind systematically opened, the waste of such impulses will not be so heartbreaking. Without an educated public, it is useless to import modern ideas.

My own impression is that the Irish will respond to education, if the Church does not inhibit the process. But I do not think that there is any energy or will in the country for the reception of a Brandes or a Voltaire. I rather think that either of these gentlemen would be kept on the run. The *croyant* who is not *pratiquant* hardly exists in Ireland. All the public, even the most sceptical and the most cynical, take down their prayer-books and paddle off to mass on Sunday. The Church knows it, and as it sincerely believes that outside the Church there is no salvation except for divine fools, the pressure on everyone for conformity is immense. Cork and Limerick are the two most besotted communities, in this respect, that I have ever seen. A Spaniard may be equally a believer, but he sits his faith the way a cowboy sits his pony. The Irish bourgeoisie enters the House of God as if it were the house of his landlord. He is scared, and he wants you to

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be scared too. This lack of independence is an ignoble trait, apart altogether from the resistance to genuinely critical ideas. But it is a trait due to the English regime. It will go in time, provided the Irish do not sneak into dominionism.

It will be a long and painful process, the fight for Irish freedom. At the present time a great encumbrance has been removed—the English occupation—and modern technique is being employed in many branches of government. But the index to the lack of real attractiveness and joy in Irish life is the emigration. A man may eat Irish jam and wear Irish boots and talk the Irish language and still be without free art, wide science, and high philosophy. Ireland stands on the threshold of this discovery, unless deValera can draw it back once more to battle with the myth of English occupation.

HOW WE BROUGHT FARMS TO SCHOOL

(*Continued from page* 578)

report on time was the second step and the third might be called getting the books out of the school house where they had been walled up as they were few in numbers and too precious to be trusted in the hands of the pupils. We began with one book for each grade, to be paid for by the child. They loved the idea and the parents found it quite possible to take this next step. Now we find each child owning the usual quota of school books and every one of them determined to carry them home every night. The owning of books has of course opened the doors of the school library wider. How we wish that primers and readers and nature books, well illustrated and with good print, would rain down on St. Helena! Not only do the families of the Penn School children share in them but our library also sends a box—made by the boys in the shop with leather hinges, and provided with a padlock—large enough to hold about thirty books, to each of the little county schools on our Island and on two or three near-by islands—schools that struggle with a four to six months' term and a most meager equipment.

The civilization of any people can be measured by the books in its homes; but with the freer distribution of books out from the school our object was to bring the Island life itself into the classrooms—into the little world of teaching that had been altogether too much bound up in printed words. Mine was a very stiff class that marched out to the woodpile one morning to measure a cord instead of learning about it on a page in the arithmetic; a much surprised class that paced off an acre of land in the next field, instead of sitting at their desks and "doing" some problem in the books as to carpet-measurement, where there was not a carpet in the home, nor a yard of it in the store. But these boys and girls gradually began to like the change from books and memory to the world about them.

Realities began to crop out in the classrooms. Some youngsters were being shown that seven from seven left nothing. Said the teacher, "If I sent you to the store with seven cents and told you to get one pound of sugar which cost seven cents, what would you have left?" "One pound of sugar, muh," promptly answered the little beginner. In another class I found that the children had been sent on an imaginary trip to the store with two dollars to spend. Among the things they were to buy was ten cents worth of candy. When the answer was called for all the children but one had sixty-five cents change. The odd child had seventy cents. Asked to explain he said, "I cyan' eat mo' dan five cent wut ob candy." Nature study early became popular. When one teacher discovered that her grade had never seen the fascinating transformation of tadpoles to frogs, she started some eggs off in a washbowl in her classroom. This became the most thrilling corner in the school. All ages achieved an early arrival to see what had happened in the night. One of the old fathers, drawn to that corner by the strange tales his children told him, came to my office on his way home saying, "Dese teachers sho' teach we a heap ob ting. I ben lib yuh all my life an' huccome I aint know polly-wog tu'n to frog?"

Yet it was no easy matter to incorporate agriculture, upon which the whole life of the Islands depends, in our scheme of education. The people had always farmed and the new Hampton-trained teachers were looked upon with suspicion,

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our school-farmer as "a mere boy." For about four years the old and the new went on together, and what a school of contrasts we were! In one room all the youngsters would be learning their lessons aloud in the old way, the singsong reminding one of a school in the East. In another room a class would be learning pages and pages by rote, and then would come through the hall a new teacher with her class to measure that hall or to go to the sandpile for geography or even to the field or garden for real agriculture that belonged in no book. "Various branches hang on de wings ob dis school," said one of the parents who had caught the new spirit.

What were the main branches which registered our new growth out from the sturdy stem of the School of the Founders? First came the school farm and then the school shops. We saw that the school must be built on a farm if it were to teach the islanders things of fundamental value for a new time. Yet when we began, this school on a farm had no garden and we ate canned vegetables all of that first winter; it had no poultry plant nor turkey roost. Old abandoned cotton fields surrounded us and the only crop the fields produced were cockspurs which made us miserable when we walked out.

But slowly this branch of the work began to make itself felt. Those cotton fields that had produced only cotton since "before the war," and each year less of it, began to grow cow peas and corn; rotation of crops became a school slogan. It was learned as to meaning and as to spelling but it was not known and understood till we started our "miniature farm" near the schoolhouse. It had been first practiced on the school farm, and land that had produced eight and ten bushels of corn to the acre began to yield from twenty to thirty. But the school farm itself was too big to "see;" and so one acre, located near the road was measured off by the children and divided into thirds, one grade planting cotton, another sweet potatoes, another corn. Careful accounts were kept and a winter crop of oats and vetch followed. The groups kept up this crop rotation for three years so all could visualize rotation of crops as on a map; and arithmetic and agriculture played into each other's hands. We thank Clemson, South Carolina State Agriculture College, for this idea; and the little play we wrote to dramatize it, called The Soil Builders and Soil Robbers, was printed by them and distributed to other schools in the state.

Our first agriculture lessons in school had been based on school gardens like those of any city school in the North. Each pupil was given a small plot to cultivate. Perhaps it was a good way to begin, for as it was so absurdly different from the home work it caught their interest; but we began that way because we did not know any better. Very soon we discovered that it was not the right way to continue. The small gardens were only play and would have lost their interest. Just before that happened, we put a whole group out on a school acre to raise corn according to the demonstration method. Here was the real thing. Again arithmetic, for the acre was measured by the children; the land rented from the school; and the cost of the seeds, fertilizer, time of "man and mule," and the net returns of the crop made a computation worth while. When the children saw the actual money the crop had made—for of course the school bought the fruits of their labor—they had the fun of choosing what the amount would buy for their classroom. New enthusiasm was thus kindled for next year's work.

ONE of our best records on a school acre was St. John School, our little ungraded school on the grounds which has been the practice school for our teachers-to-be and which has given us some of the problems of the ungraded county schools to work on. Their teacher was a member of my first agriculture class at Penn, which lost and broke some of their tools that first year, thinking that if the tools disappeared, agriculture would leave the school. His hatred of the subject had turned into love—an evangel of husbandry. Whenever he sent out the call in the summer that the corn acre needed the children (in those days we had no summer term) there was no lack in the response. True agriculturist that he was, he had planted water melons around the corn crop, so the work was turned into a feast worth walking miles for in the hot sun.

As the school farm took form, food crops were emphasized.

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We were unwelcome prophets in predicting the advent of the boll weevil, long in advance of its coming to the islands; but a situation was surely at hand when the cotton crop could no longer be depended upon as the only means of support. A farming system of over sixty years had to be questioned and a new economy begun. Better farm animals helped on the revolution. Mary, Martha, Thanksgiving and Victory were the mules who led the advance. Chickens and pigs were added and a small herd of cattle built up from grades with the pure-bred bull one of the trustees sent down to the school. Even the dogs were not forgotten and our beautiful black collie, Constantine, son of St. Helena, is as well known on the Island as the ponies.

THE fields began to change as agriculture settled into the curriculum. The boys marched out to clear new land on the school farm that had not seen crop since the tasks of overseers had kept their grandfathers on those acres. They cut through the thick tangle of growth in advance of Victory and Thanksgiving; plow points were broken as men and mules turned the soil; and the beautiful field that has the record of fifty-three bushels of corn on the acre, and 453½ bushels of sweet potatoes, still goes by the name of "The Sticks." Using big tools has a charm for any well-developed country boy. The first group came in when some rather large stumps had to be dug up by sheer muscle, saying that they were "sick in the side." A night's rest and an assurance that they could do a man's job resulted in their return to "The Sticks" and that was the last of the complaints against the new work. A new plan is to be put into operation this year. Agricultural plans are never static. There is to be the Study Farm out in "The Sticks," where our best land lies and this means a seven-acre block, measured off by the agriculture boys and put into crops that an island farm should carry—crops for food for the home and stock, crops for cash—and for land improvement. Here all the classes will work during their agriculture periods, following the expenditures as well as the income, and giving n opportunity to our senior boys to serve as supervisors in the group. This puts again into practice our "miniature" farm, but on a larger scale, and means agriculture in the field graded as carefully as the class-room subjects are graded. And this grading will be true of all our program of industrial studies.

A decadence in all hand work had followed the coming of freedom, when plantation life had removed its strict requirements and the islands longed for the book to take the place of all labor. In the course of half a century, it had come to pass that practically all the farm repair work was carried to Beaufort, our nearest town, or perhaps to Savannah. When I heard a white friend say of the Island boys that he never saw such a total lack of mechanical skill, that nearly all who attempted to unscrew a nut naturally turned it to the right, I wondered why they shouldn't; for they never had an opportunity at home or at school to loosen nuts or struggle with any mechanical appliances except the tiny plows and cultivators which no one taught them to keep in order. If the farms were to come to school, surely the farm tools and home necessities should have a place in the school curriculum. And so the school shops became another main limb among the "various branches" which "hang on de wings ob dis school."

Our Cope Industrial Building was the first large structure built by the Islanders themselves—built to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Penn School. Under Hampton graduates they worked, the walls of oyster shell concrete rising to song and laughter. It was a normal development, using their own steer carts to carry sand and oyster shells, the sand brought to the school landing on the school's boat from near-by rivers, the oyster shells from near-by oyster factories. And so Island resources, muscles, and spirit were utilized and "We Building" took its place in the school's equipment to make possible a larger service to the Island.

Into the new industrial building went first of all a class of boys who were learning to "sew" the Island baskets. This bit of industrial work is not only a hangover from the old days but has an African origin. We had found Alfred Graham, one of the plantation craftsmen who had held on to his gift, using rushes that grow in the tide rivers, and sewing them with strips of palmetto. He was an old man, very straight and self-respecting. Often he would come into my

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office "to git de light on hit" so that he could serve as an interpreter to his people when the new doings at Penn needed so much the native bridge. His loyalty never wavered when our doings were most revolutionary.

He had learned to make baskets from his African uncle and in turn passed his skill on to his great-nephew. From the first work-baskets the shop has taught the boys of today to make scrap baskets needed in every home, clothes hampers which are sometimes beautiful enough for a museum (these were developed from the old cotton baskets), and wood baskets such as we found used on the farms. These last are oval and if "lined with pitch within and without" could have served to conceal the infant Moses in the bull-rushes. The basket shop opens an avenue for cash as well as for education, for the school buys the baskets and resells them, helping many a home in that way to meet its taxes.

The great-nephew who now teaches the craft has been through the temptations his boys have to meet. Within a year of his graduation he had drifted to a near-by city where the lights and cash and good times proved to be more alluring than the country school. But his adopted mother had other plans for George. She followed him "off Island," and her determination resulted in the boy developing into a graduate teacher at Penn with all the feeling for the beautiful craft and all the pride of his old African ancestors in its standard being maintained.

From all corners of the Island came the farm tools to be mended at the Cope shops, often the boy who mended the tool taking it home at night. Down the oyster-shell road anew went closer connections between school and farm and home. Not only did the blacksmith and wheelwright shops mend the tools; the carpenter shop took its important place in the scheme of life. Proudly wrote one of the boys:

> My industrial work is carpentry. This is the first year that I ever took carpentry. Ever since I began taking industrial work I was taking cobbling. I like carpentry but I like cobbling better. I know it, and you know it too, when a man gets on a fourteen or fifteen story building his life is in danger. I have never seen a man on a fifteen story building, but if life spare me I am hoping to see one, or I might gets on one. I think cobbling is the most comfortable trade.

Though it seemed to some a dangerous trade, the young carpenters began to think in terms of better homes. The young cobblers and harness-makers have been repairing shoes to keep hundreds of children in school. They have seen the transformation of harness mended with strings to the best grade of harness. And all the work in all these shops has been teaching the real things of life. For the girls the lessons in housekeeping in all its various branches, and in sewing have given them also a background of reality.

Big tools have joined the pens and pencils of the classroom. The young farmers have moved up from the primitive hoe to the mowing machine, the rice thrasher, the tractor. They are learning how electricity is made through the school's plant, how to run the water engine, how to run an incubator, how to make cane syrup. The kitchen range and the sewing machines, the canner and garden tools, good laundry tubs and clothes boilers have come to the hands of their sisters. Automobiles have come, not only to the school but also to some of the Island homes, and many an Island boy and girl now turns the nut in the right direction as naturally as a white brother.

WE have only a small dormitory, which is, however of importance in giving the home side and the home problems to the school within itself. We began with three boys. One was Jacob, another Solomon, and the third broke the Biblical succession and bore the name of Richard. We try to have all the graduates spend two or three years on the school farm. The milkers and the girl cooks, who get up at four-thirty in the dark of winter, make a striking contrast to those boys and girls who used to wander in for an eleven o'clock opening of the older school. There is a fine struggle on the part of many of the parents to keep these children in school, and standards have risen. Witness the trunks and suit cases which have taken the place of calico squares in which some of our first boys brought their clothes.

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I cannot close without telling of still another "branch that hangs on de wings ob dis school"—the development of play. It had been well-nigh forgotten, so it seemed to us, when we first began our work among the people. The Negro child of the Sea Islands knew work far better than play. Often the first world he saw was the cotton field, for the baby was taken to the field and left in one of the rows to laugh or cry as the case might be, his bright brown eyes growing accustomed to the cotton or the corn, the hoe or the old ox, even before they knew the usual household furniture. His first playthings might be the cotton stalks or grasses. Even at four he was considered old enough to help on the farm, as he could drop the cotton seed in the hole made by a hoe going on ahead, and covered by a hoe or by the feet of the older person following. Acres of cotton were planted in this way. It was as vital to introduce good, hard play as it was to bring the farm to the school and to teach farmers' trades. The dignity of work had to be paralleled with the gospel of play.

We began on base ball, and our Hampton teachers were engaged to play with the pupils as well as to work with them. "I don't care how hard I work," wrote one of the boys when I was off Island. "I have a base-ball game behind me, and have a base-ball game before me on Saturday." Rules and good sport-spirit soon took their proper place and quarrels fell off. Basket ball and even foot ball have been introduced. Swings and teeter boards came in the grove.

Folk games were introduced and we often met groups of children playing them in the road as they sang the melody. Singing is as natural as breathing to the Islanders; it belongs with our bright sunshine and vivid colors of marsh and river, of long stretches of sky and clouds. It is easier to chop wood to the rhythm of an old Spiritual; it is easier to scrub and wash as you sing,

Ebery time I feels de sperit
Movin in-a muh heart,
I will pray
Oh, ebery time I feels de sperit
Movin' in-a muh heart
I will pray
I looks all about me
It looks so shine
I ask muh Lord
Ef all were mine.

More than one visitor from Africa has been reminded of African boat songs as he has listened to the Island Spirituals and perhaps this is a clue to the habit of singing at work.

Their innate sense of rhythm was well illustrated when the new instruments came down so that a Penn School Band might take its place in our curriculum of work and play. Once every year—and that time is chosen to light up the long pull of our real winter months when the going is the most difficult—there is one whole delirious Week of Song, which is opened by a Sermon on Song given in our churches, and every day at noon chapel a concert is arranged. Different organizations sing, the older people as well as the younger, not only Spirituals but the folk songs of other peoples, national hymns, the church choirs being included in the Week for special music of their own choosing. I can but wonder if it is not literally true that their love of singing has carried these people through all their experiences without bitterness.

When we compare Penn School with the typical county school of the cotton lands we can get a true measure of what such a rounded scheme of education means. In our county schools on the Sea Islands, in a room that is rough and cheerless, a large group of ungraded children gather, sometimes eighty pupils for one teacher to handle. Painted boards serve as blackboards, rough benches hold the crowd, and when a class is called, it is something of a marvel to see the boys and girls climb out without making their neighbors move from their seats. A four to six months' term hardly gives time for the subjects to go round and yet it seems remarkable to see how many children learn in spite of these poor conditions.

"Yours is the best-hewn plan for we people," said a parent at one of our meetings. "This Parents' League is necessary to change brains with each other. I am sure proud of my chillun in school. An' dey gib me glad fo' dey eddycashun. I tells yo,' I have to stan on my toe wid dem."

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